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The Week.

In the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court against the Beef Trust, we have the most clear-cut and thoroughgoing affirmation of the power of Congress to break up combinations in restraint of trade. As Attorney-General Moody points out, this decision takes the Court securely back to where it was in the Addyston pipe case. That is, the validity and efficiency of the anti-Trust act are sweepingly upheld. Brushing aside nice technical points about defective pleadings, and so on, the decision broadly, and in the large spirit of equity, declares that such devices as the Beef Trust used to stifle competition and effect monopoly can be struck at and destroyed by existing Federal statute. As Justice Holmes said, the Court does not and cannot direct the individual packers to compete with each other; but it does bring them within reach of the pains and penalties of the law if they seek to substitute monopoly for competition. The law-officers of the Government now have the fullest judicial warrant for proceeding with the utmost dispatch and rigor against every similar combination. It seems to us that this important decision of the Supreme Court has its light for the problem of Federal railway regulation. Here was a strictly normal proceeding. A statute of the United States had been violated. The sworn officers of the law prosecuted the offenders. By regular judicial process the case was brought to its final hearing, and the sword of justice fell upon the guilty parties. That, we think all reasonable men will admit, is the ideal way.

Now, why cannot the Government go to work similarly in the matter of abating evils connected with the management of railroads? President Roosevelt put forcibly and truthfully, in his speech on Monday night in Philadelphia, the grievances which the public feel. In a word, the railroads are not managed justly, as between man and man or locality and locality. They give this shipper a secret rebate, and refuse it to another. Differentials are established affecting this city or that port, not on grounds of public interest which can be publicly stated, but for concealed and often suspicious motives. Here are, indeed, great abuses to be corrected if possible; but is it necessary, or desirable, to make the long jump which the President does, and demand for a Federal Commission the "power over rates"? He urges it with the object of "putting the big shipper and the little shipper on an equal footing"; to do away with rebates, however disguised, and to abolish discrimination of all kinds. But it is at least a fair question whether the Government has not already in its hands the needed weapons, and whether vigorous use of them should not be made before appealing for others. Certain it is that if existing statutes could be stringently enforced, and applied with as much severity as the Supreme Court has just shown in the case of the Beef Trust, the injustices of which the President properly complains would be cured. He asks for an instrument to strike down secret rebates. But they are outlawed by the act of February 4, 1887. Section 2 of the Interstate Commerce Act describes them in detail and declares them all unlawful. Appropriate penalties are prescribed further on. The President is incensed at the "preferences" and "discriminations" which the railroads make in favor of persons or localities; they are all declared illegal in the act of 1887. And the so-called Elkins bill, approved February 19, 1903, strengthens the original law in important respects—defining the offence more precisely, making the collection of evidence easier and judicial process swifter and surer. Mr. Roosevelt is especially urgent that Congress assert "power over rates" in order to strike down secret rebates. That could be done only by imposing a public rate. Yet there are now public rates; it is under them that rebates are made secretly. Why would they not continue under the rates fixed by the Commission? The President calls for justice; let him see to it that the justice in existing laws be done. Until he has tried to do so and failed, it is not in order to ask us to go with him into the dark unknown of Government rate-making.

President Roosevelt has suffered an obvious and deserved check in his San Domingo plans. Even his "protocol," designed to give him practical control of a foreign country, he now admits must be laid before the Senate. It is particularly desirable to teach foreign governments that Mr. Roosevelt is not the American nation. That lesson they may also learn from the deliberate and overwhelming rejection by the House committee of the President's naval proposals. By 13 to 4 it voted that he may have two new battleships only, and that his estimated naval expenditure must be cut by $15,000,000 or so. Foreign naval experts who have been writing in awed tones of "President Roosevelt's formidable naval programme," will please take notice. People and Congress have something to say, after all. The *Army and Navy Journal*, to be sure, declares that "the President has no patience with those members of Congress" who are against granting his demands, and has threatened to "call an extra session to take up the matter of naval increase immediately after the fourth of March." Doubtless Mr. Roosevelt has used wild and whirling words on that subject, as upon others; but doubtless, also, after this session of Congress has expressed its mature judgment against him, he will cool off and quiet down, and turn with unabated energy and enthusiasm to other questions momentarily of eternal importance to him.

News from San Domingo by way of the Isthmus and New Orleans is naturally to be received with a certain reserve; but the admitted facts are grave enough. The President of San Domingo has issued a proclamation stating that the financial administration of his country has been made over to the United States, and our cruisers have been sent to Dominican waters presumably to carry out an agreement which Mr. Roosevelt has no more legal power to execute of his own motion than has William J. Bryan. Of course, the President may now say that he is ordering warships to San Domingo merely to protect American interests. Even if the *Dixie* is to proceed and to land 200 marines, the same excuse may be made to stretch over that action also. But the possibilities of serious complications are great. It is evident that Morales regards his own position as one of the "American interests" which Mr. Roosevelt is to protect, and that he counts upon American aid in putting down all revolutionary movements. Meanwhile, it transpires how purely an afterthought was the determination to submit the whole matter to the Senate in the shape of a treaty. The State Department informs Senator Cullom that it will take time to draft a treaty, and that it cannot be laid before the Senate during this session of Congress.

Innocent to the laughing-point is the Administration's plea for big naval appropriations. Secretary Morton gravely assured the House committee on Thursday that if it would vote $114,000,000 this year, and keep up that rate till the present building programme is completed, the subsequent naval bills would have to carry only $77,000,000 annually. The House will be green, indeed, if it is for a moment taken in by this. Naval building programmes have nothing certain about them except that they will be indefinitely continued and enlarged, if the "experts" have their way. The ex-

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perience of France, Germany, and England, to say nothing of our own, leaves this beyond a doubt. There are no tracks pointing backwards from the big-navy den. Secretary Morton's promise of retrenchment later is particularly absurd, coming from him. He has publicly announced his policy to be that of having the biggest navy on earth. He may have stolen the idea from Hobson, but he has made it his own. If the attempt is made to live up to it, the annual bill will be nearer $177,000,000 than $77,000,000. If ever the House is to make a stand for a navy no larger than we need, and for economy, now is the time.

Congress, it is announced, will give Secretary Morton the additional 3,000 sailors which he declares is the minimum increase with which he can get along. Four great armored cruisers are to be finished before May first, and, with the smoke of our deadly enemy among the nations so clearly visible on the horizon, it would, of course, be foolish indeed to put them in reserve at a navy-yard. But while the naval committees are thus generous to Secretary Morton, ought they not to inquire of him why the navy cannot keep its men, once it gets them? Here is the *Army and Navy Journal* admitting that 500 men deserted from the North Atlantic fleet while it was repairing this fall, of whom no less than 100 fled from one battleship. There is something very rotten in the state of Denmark when this can come to pass without anybody's being brought to book. Good ships are all very well, but if our sailors run away from them in droves, what then? Ought not that battleship commander who lost one-fifth of his crew to have been called on for an explanation? The loss to the Government in time and money wasted is obvious, and as few of the deserters are recaptured, its prestige suffers the more. We should not feel at all sorry if sensible Americans declined to enlist in the navy simply to man an extravagant war fleet. But, once in, sailors ought to be compelled to live up to their obligations. Their failure to do so creates, rightly or wrongly, the presumption either that the men are worthless or the officers unfit for command.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors has taken a hint from modern philanthropy in making some of the appropriations which it recommends contingent on the coöperation of the local or State authorities. Since many of the projects on which the Government spends money are local in character, and in some cases are absurdly far from having any national importance at all, this requirement may serve both as a guarantee of good faith and a substantial economy on the Government's side. Every project, of course, has its peculiar features. In many cases, as, for instance, the connections between the Great Lakes, the district in which the work is actually done profits by it insignificantly compared with the distant cities whose commerce will pass through the new channels. Thus, if this policy is permanently adopted, a new element of complication is introduced in an already involved situation by the necessity of deciding how much of the cost of each piece of work shall be assessed on the locality. The State governments which adopt a similar policy with regard to road-making adhere generally, we believe, to the plan of paying a uniform percentage of the cost of new roadways. That would scarcely be just if applied to waterways. The effect on the individual Congressman is another phase of the proposal. He must try not only to get as much work as possible done in his district, but also to have as little of the cost as possible paid by his constituents. A new channel for the local river will not be so much clear gain. "It is true that Perkins got us a $200,000 dam," his opponent on the stump will say, "but we had to pay $50,000 of it ourselves. Over in the next district they got the same amount, and the Government paid all but $10,000. I pledge myself, if elected, to insist on the latter ratio hereafter."

It is not probable that Congress will pass offhand the bill establishing the whipping-post for wife-beaters in the District of Columbia, in spite of the President's suggesting it in his message. At the same time, the speech which Mr. Adams of Pennsylvania made in support of his measure contained some striking proofs of the inadequacy of the present criminal laws to suppress this kind of brutality. Inquiries of the district attorneys of every county in Pennsylvania brought out the fact that in one year 527 complaints were made to the grand juries of assault and battery on wives by their husbands, and 287 true bills were found. This takes no account of the cases, everywhere reported to be many, which came before justices of the peace or were settled before trial. Convictions were secured in 211 cases, and the average sentence was for three months. In eleven counties the district attorneys expressed the opinion that the crime is on the increase, while thirty-six denied that it was. From eight counties cases were reported in which the families of the men convicted became a public charge during the time that the breadwinner was serving his sentence. Everywhere, too, are found cases in which the ill-used wives begged for the release of their husbands, because the incarceration of the head of the family meant absolute destitution. It can hardly be denied that in this regard the present laws punish the victim quite as severely as the criminal.

That accursed word *Independence*—the moral antithesis of "that blessed word *Mesopotamia*"—begins to fall trippingly from the lips of Secretary Taft. Before election, as we all remember, the talk about independence for the Philippines, even at a distant and unfixed date, was extremely disturbing to this acknowledged friend and champion of the Filipinos. The mere sound of this irritating vocable, so he asserted, was almost certain to stir up evil passions among our little brown brothers, and turn their minds from the peaceable fruits of industry and righteousness to the Dead Sea apples of political agitation. In fine, Secretary Taft was convinced that no well-wisher of either the United States or the Philippines would unsettle matters by whispering that independence was possible. The obvious inference was that the Democrats, who occasionally touched on the topic, were enemies of the Republic. But after election Secretary Taft's nervousness gradually wore off. In spite of the recklessness of the Democrats, the skies had not fallen, the predictions of anarchy and chaos in the islands remained unfulfilled. Plucking up courage, the Secretary himself began to speak of independence under his breath, and finally on Saturday he uttered the word aloud at a committee hearing in Washington:

> "Whenever they reach the condition where they have a reasonable public opinion which may be relied upon to restrain radicalism; when inter-island communication has been established; and when conditions generally have become settled—then, if they desire independence, give it to them."

This looks dangerously like conceding what the petition of the college presidents and other impracticables asked for. But, however the concession may be viewed, talk of independence for the Philippines will no longer be treasonable.

After eighteen months of trial, the New Hampshire liquor law, in the opinion of the State License Board, which has just made its annual report, needs amendment in several matters of detail, but requires no fundamental modification. While agitation for return to statutory prohibition seems to be active this winter, the license system is, according to the popular verdict, giving better satisfaction in New Hampshire than in Vermont. In the former State, in the November election, 24 towns changed from license to no-license, and 14 from no-license to license, leaving the totals, 47 "wet" to 177 "dry." The 11 cities, all of which voted for license in 1903, do not submit the question again until 1906. There is thus in New Hampshire nothing like the reaction which made 44 Vermont towns

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change from license to no-license last fall, as against only one which made the opposite change. At the same time, the commissioners point out one difficulty which other States ought to heed as well. In places which voted against license, the report states, the people have looked solely to the State authorities for the suppression of illicit selling. This same disposition to regard liquor laws as automatic in their action is the root of many evils. Some of them appear in the attitude of local authorities towards the administration of the Raines law in this State.

The establishment by Mr. Henry Phipps of a $1,000,000 fund for model tenements is the most important step yet taken by a private citizen to improve local housing conditions. Model tenements hitherto built have been strictly commercial undertakings. As far back as 1879, Mr. Alfred T. White, whom Mr. Phipps has wisely chosen as one of his trustees, erected a block in Brooklyn, upon which he has since realized a profit of 6 per cent. The success of the City and Suburban Homes Company in building tenements which should furnish decent living quarters for wage-earners and at the same time pay a fair return, has recently led to an increase in its capital stock. The Phipps endowment will in time reach huge proportions. The $1,000,000 given in trust is to be invested in high-class tenements. After the payment of taxes and other expenses, a net profit of 4 per cent. is expected—a conservative estimate. This, in turn, is to be invested in more tenements, and so on. In other words, the $1,000,000 is to be placed out indefinitely at compound interest. At 4 per cent. money doubles at compound interest every eighteen years. Thus, in 1923 the Phipps fund will amount to $2,000,000; in 1941 to $4,000,000; in 1959 to $8,000,000; in 1977 to $16,000,000; in 1995, to $32,000,000; and, in little more than a century hence, to $64,000,000. One must also reckon in the increment in the value of the land. In New York there are thousands of acres, now vacant, which fifty or a hundred years hence may have enormous value. The land investments of the Astor family are the classic illustration. The first John Jacob invested $2,000,000 in New York real estate; according to competent judges, its value to-day, plus the value of the land purchased by its earnings, ranges anywhere from $300,000,000 to $500,000,000.

Mr. Phipps has unquestionably set his present trustees and their successors a unique problem in philanthropy. In a hundred years New York will have an enormous fund; but its usefulness will depend upon the wisdom of its custodians. We think they would make no mistake if they devoted at least a portion of the fund to model tenements for the use of New York's colored citizens. Their plight is grievous. Only the worst buildings are open to them, for which they are charged higher rents than are asked of white people, on the ground that negro occupancy of a house causes it rapidly to deteriorate in value. Now the negroes are great home-lovers. With all their defects they are cleaner, as a class, than many of our foreign immigrants, and they make remarkably few appeals for public funds. Yet decent colored people are often forced into disreputable associations for lack of other quarters, and their need of good tenements is great. Moreover, a building of the kind might also be arranged to contain a kindergarten, or to serve as headquarters for other agencies, maintained by both whites and blacks, at work among our colored residents. Such a common meeting-ground would be of the greatest value in bringing about a better understanding between the races.

Mr. Akers-Douglas's statement that the Ministry, unless earlier outvoted, will serve out the full Parliamentary term, points the fact that Mr. Balfour takes an unconscionable time in dying. That he should cling to life is natural, since dissolution would bring crushing defeat. This prophecy the bye-elections make, clearly. In forty-one contests since May, 1902, the Liberals have changed a representation of thirty Conservatives and eleven Liberals and Labor men, to twenty-six Liberals and Labor men against fifteen Conservatives, almost reversing the ratio. No wonder, then, that Mr. Balfour is in no haste to ask the verdict of a general election. Meantime, everything is in flux. Mr. Balfour makes bold to tell an audience that the fiscal question is becoming a bore. Mr. Chamberlain—who is now only a Unionist in the ranks, "unless" — raves that imperial reciprocity alone stands between the Empire and disaster. Young Mr. Austen Chamberlain keeps sugar schedules in the budget proposals, although his father, who has put aside that contempt of jam and pickles which he once expressed so forcefully to Mr. Winston Churchill, promises the British free sweetening in the tea wherewith the dear loaf is to be washed down. Even the Liberals share in the prevailing uncertainty. Under these circumstances, it seems probable that the budget will pass without great difficulty, and that any peril to the Ministry is contingent, and due chiefly to the fact that, like the fiscal question, it has become very much of a bore.

The election returns from Hungary leave no doubt of the overwhelming defeat of Count Tisza, the full extent of which will not be known till February 6, when the polling in the 413 election districts will be completed. The united Opposition has so far captured 242 seats out of 393, the Kossuth party alone gaining 159. The Premier will probably defer his resignation until all the returns are in, when the re-grouping of parties will make the selection of his successor easier for the Crown than it is at present. Francis Joseph has, with his usual tact, refrained from interference in the election, and it must be conceded that both Tisza and the leaders of the Opposition have carried on a campaign notable for eloquent and effective presentation of contending issues. The Premier staked his all on the principle that the majority must rule, even at the cost of a technical violation of the letter of the Constitution. In his address to the electors of Budapest he also dwelt with great force on the economic questions involved —on the need of ending the provisional fiscal arrangements between Cisleithania and Hungary, which have existed since 1897, and on the risk of claiming a separate customs territory for Hungary, which could develop her industry only at the cost of impoverishing her agriculture. He held out substantial concessions to workingmen, and promised an extension of the suffrage "consistent with the predominance of the Magyar race." But all these appeals were ineffectual, and the Liberal party, for the first time since the *Ausgleich* of 1867, has to give way to an Opposition.

It is not difficult to account for the uneasiness with which the defeat of Tisza is regarded in Vienna and throughout Austria. Hungary has for the first time broken with the tradition of her great leader, Francis Deák; and the name of Kossuth, however potent its spell in Hungary, has, in its descent from father to son, not lost its revolutionary significance in Cisleithania. And yet there is no valid reason for considering the stability of the dual empire threatened by the ascendency of the Kossuth party. The now formidable coalition of Radicals, Nationalists, and Clericals, reinforced as it is by the powerful names of Counts Batthyányi, Zichy, and Károlyi, cannot long survive the campaign. Francis Kossuth himself has spoken in tones which, however fervent in defence of the rights of Hungary, are not incompatible with that moderation which befits the change from a revolutionary agitator to a responsible minister. He affirmed that his principles, while uncompromising, were "legal and loyal"; and he would not be the first Hungarian adviser of the Crown with a revolutionary past. Count Andrássy, after being sentenced to death in 1850, became the trusted and sagacious minister of Francis Joseph. Nor is Austria the only country that has witnessed such radical transformations. Francis Kossuth, who spent his youth and early manhood in Italy, may be pondering the vicissitudes of Crispi's career.

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MONROVITIS.

Apparently, the best explanation of the President's San Domingo involvement is that much Monroe Doctrine hath made him mad. A form of nervousness, not yet well described by the faculty, seems to afflict all who brood too intently upon the Doctrine. The malady is peculiarly unfortunate when it attacks a President. It confuses his mind, and makes him an easy victim to the hallucination that his oath of office binds him to maintain, not the Constitution, but the Monroe Doctrine.

Hitherto, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt had given no sign that he thought the Constitutional powers of the President had any pertinence to what he was undertaking in San Domingo. The "protocol," or "agreement," which was signed in San Domingo on Friday week, seemed to be regarded by the Administration as complete and binding of itself. "The American Government guarantees the complete integrity of Dominican territory." The statement was absolute. "The agreement will take effect after February 1 next." The Senate had nothing to do with it. Indeed, the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, who has throughout spoken in this matter by direct inspiration, telegraphed explicitly on January 22, "The arrangement has none of the attributes of a treaty, and will not require ratification by the Senate." But a great light has since dawned upon the President and Secretary Hay. Unpleasant words like "impeachment," used even by Republican Senators, may have had something to do with it; anyhow, it was announced on Thursday last that the San Domingo agreement would be submitted to the Senate, after all.

This made it certain, then, that there would be no taking effect on February 1. Hence it became important to know whether the President had or had not given orders to make it take effect. The dispatches have asserted that ships have already been sent with instructions to take over the Dominican custom houses, as per agreement; and that our naval forces have already begun to help President Morales put down incipient rebellion. That astute Executive seems to have driven an uncommonly good bargain. It was really his "integrity" that President Roosevelt proposed to guarantee. By policing and financing the Morales Administration, it could easily be kept in power indefinitely—or enabled to turn over the Government to a political heir, or to the highest bidder. But considerations of that order are not so important as the question whether President Roosevelt has rashly gone forward as if the treaty were already ratified. In that case, the illegality would be as glaring as was that of President McKinley in acting under the Treaty of Paris before it was made law, or of Mr. Roosevelt himself in ordering the Colombians out of their own territory at Panama. The Senate resolution should be amended so as to inquire whether the President has, in a free and easy application of the doctrine of *nunc pro tunc*, assumed that his negotiation of a treaty was equivalent to its becoming the law of the land.

The motives which induced the President to embark in the affair are set forth with the utmost simplicity in the official statement issued on January 22. He confesses that he went into the business with great reluctance. "Many foreign claims" against San Domingo "are just beyond peradventure." "More than one of the great Powers" had "explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically" brought the attention of this Government to the justice of their contentions. Something had to be done. Yes, but why not the obvious thing of telling these foreign nations to go ahead and collect their just debts? That has been the precedent of recent years. The English seized the custom house in Corinto to compel Nicaragua to meet her obligations. Only three years ago, with President Roosevelt assenting, Germany applied force to Venezuela with a similar object and result. Yet Monroe did not rise from his grave in horror. Mr. Roosevelt, in fact, took pains to explain that the proceeding was in perfect harmony with the Monroe Doctrine. Then why has what was good in Nicaragua and Venezuela suddenly become impossible in San Domingo? Because Monroeism has since been getting on President Roosevelt's nerves. Those who speak for him say that the spectacle of foreign creditors collecting their dues from San Domingo would be too much for this nation; that we should be in danger of going to war to prevent it; and that, therefore, though the process of stepping in and administering the Dominican Republic is filled with embarrassments, and is certain to be vexatious and costly, the President has to do it or be false to his sworn duty to see that the Monroe Doctrine take no harm. All of which, in view of the facts, and considering well established precedents, sounds very much like the talk of a person laboring under nervous excitement.

Of all spots on earth, San Domingo is the last one where an American President should display impetuosity. Where Grant burned his fingers so badly, Roosevelt ought not to play with fire. And how absurd the official assurances of what will happen in San Domingo unless we act as its receiver, read when we recall what was said with similar gravity, as of unquestionable authority, thirty years ago. In 1871, the commissioners appointed by President Grant to report on San Domingo—men of such weight as B. F. Wade, Andrew D. White, and Dr. S. G. Howe—put their names to the prediction that, if the United States did not annex the island, "one of the fairest and richest on earth," "some strong nation" would "seize it and hold it in colonial subjection." It was one of the earliest uses of the argument that we must commit a folly in order to prevent some other country from being foolish. But we should think that the ludicrously unfulfilled prophecy we have cited ought to make our most angelical Monroe Doctors a trifle cautious in forecasting future troubles. To keep out of present muddles is work enough for them.

THE COLORADO BALLOT AND OTHERS.

The States which were involved in difficulties over the returns of the last election are naturally the first to interest themselves in the revision of their ballot laws. Thus, the Colorado Legislature, whose committee is just settling down to the work of finding out who was legally elected Governor last November, will also have to consider many suggestions relating to the subject.

But for one feature, the present Colorado ballot would be of the pure Australian type, as used in Massachusetts and generally agreed to be the best yet devised; but this one feature vitiates all the peculiar merits of that form of ballot. To describe it briefly, the candidates for each office are grouped in a separate "box," within which they are arranged in alphabetical order, each name being followed by the party designation. There are no party columns or emblems. This arrangement was devised in order to encourage independent voting by compelling the voter, whether he concludes to vote a straight or a split ticket, to record his preference separately for each one of the offices to be filled. But the legislators who designed this Colorado ballot nullified all the good they had done by putting across the top of the blanket-sheet, in heavy type, the unique legend, "I hereby vote a straight ——— ticket, except where I have marked opposite the name of some other candidate." In the blank, the voter writes "Republican" or "Democratic," as the case may be, and afterwards, if he so desires, can put crosses opposite the names of some of the other party's candidates in the "boxes" below. This not only takes away the special advantage of the Massachusetts ballot, by making it possible to vote a straight ticket at one operation, but also furnishes a means of identifying the voter by his handwriting. Thus, in the proceedings before the Supreme Court, experts were able to testify exactly how many of the ballots found in a particular ballot-box were written by the same person.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, an official who has himself been kept in office by the support of Independent voters of other parties, has issued a long open letter on

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election reform, and drawn up three bills to secure it. Rightly putting first the need for better registration laws, he also proposes a new ballot. He does not favor, however, the simple remedy of taking off the straight ticket blank, but prefers a return to the regulation party column. His ballot, in a word, would be precisely like ours in New York, minus the circle at the head of each column for voting a straight ticket. With the Massachusetts ballot it is, mechanically speaking, exactly as easy to vote a split as a straight ticket. Under Judge Lindsey's plan, it would be slightly easier to vote straight, as the pencil would then travel directly down the column, while to scratch the ticket it must be moved from one column to another.

In Missouri, which now has perhaps as bad a ballot as there is anywhere in the country—a separate slip for each party, which the Independent voter must alter by scratching out one name and writing in another—the advocates of reform are urging the complete Massachusetts ballot as the ideal one. At the same time, in one of the States which already have this blessing, there seems to be a strong movement to get rid of it. Gov. Utter of Rhode Island suggests in his message that some method be provided of voting a straight ticket without going through the entire ballot. Senator Dyer has introduced a bill for this purpose, and the Republican State chairman is enthusiastic over it. The change, of course, would do away with the whole special virtue of the ballot, but there is apparent plausibility in the talk about the "rights" of the straight party man. "Why," he asks, "should I be compelled to make thirty or forty crosses on my ballot, and keep other voters waiting, when I have definitely made up my mind to vote for all the nominees of my party?" This question, in fact, is fundamental to the whole ballot problem. In Rhode Island, for instance, there were cast last year for State officers 30,000 straight Republican ballots, and 22,790 straight Democratic ballots. Of the other 21,670, at least a third were straight ballots for minor parties or rejected ballots. Thus 15,000 would more than cover the number of split ballots. It is argued that the present ballot puts the 52,000 to unnecessary trouble to suit the whims of the 15,000.

The answer to this, of course, is that the election is not held to decide which political organization or boss is most popular, but to choose certain officers; and it is absolutely reasonable and just to ask the voter at least to look at the several names before saying which he wants. The common metaphor is that the premium on the straight ticket makes it easy to force the voter to gulp down the whole dose prepared for him, because of the difficulty of taking out the nauseous elements. As a matter of fact, the dose is not even prepared by a single apothecary. The straight ticket is really a mere abstraction of party politics. Some of the names on it are selected by the national, some by the State, others by city, county, Congressional, and legislative conventions. The voter may have absolute confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the Democrats who met at Saratoga and nominated Herrick and his associates, but in no possible sense does that imply that he endorses everything done by the ward politicians who assemble in an East Side hall to pick out an Assemblyman. For all this, the thick-and-thin party man will continue to talk of the right to "vote her straight" in half a second, as if that were expressly mentioned in the Declaration of Independence, whereas, as one of our Missouri contemporaries has pointedly remarked, it is probably as "un-Jeffersonian" a notion as has ever gained currency.

Our New York ballot is devised on a bad theory, but it is carefully safeguarded, and the voters are exercising greater freedom in marking it, as they come to understand it and lose their fear of making mistakes. Certainly, we are better off than the citizens of such States as Colorado and Maryland, where the lawmakers, for partisan ends, have played tricks with a form of ballot which is in its conception the very essence of fairness.

THE PEABODY FUND.

The decision of the trustees of the George Peabody Fund for the advancement of education in the South to dissolve their trust was not unexpected. It has been known for a year that this action was being discussed, and that a great teachers' college was to represent the final investment of a fund which has been of incalculable value to the States that formed the Confederacy. The original deed of gift of Mr. Peabody, dated February 7, 1867, conferred upon the trustees the power to close the trust after the lapse of thirty years, and provided that, of the funds remaining, two-thirds should be distributed among "educational or literary institutions in the South, or for such educational purposes as they may determine, in the States for whose benefit the income is now appointed to be used." "The remainder," Mr. Peabody added, "may be distributed by the trustees for educational or literary purposes, wherever they may deem it expedient." By last week's vote, one million dollars is given to the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tenn., that city having pledged itself to raise a similar sum for this institution. The remaining $1,200,000 is to be distributed among various institutions at the October meeting, when the trust will be finally dissolved.

Mr. Peabody's original gift for the "educational needs of these portions of our beloved and common country which have suffered from the destructive ravages, and the not less disastrous consequences, of civil war," was the sum of one million dollars. But, in addition, he placed in the hands of the trustees bonds of the State of Mississippi, known as Planters' Bank bonds, amounting, with interest, to about eleven hundred thousand dollars, which were subsequently repudiated. "Never," said the late J. L. M. Curry, until his death the general agent of the Fund, "was gift more timely. It came, white-winged messenger of peace and fraternity, in the hour of gloom, poverty, and despondency." Robert C. Winthrop, the first chairman of the board, declared that it was the earliest manifestation of a spirit of reconciliation from the North towards the South. There are many living who recall the thrill of gratitude which this wise gift produced throughout the country, for in 1867 benefactions of such a size were rare, though we have since become accustomed to them. Moreover, Mr. Peabody, with unusual insight, gave to the destitute and neglected masses where others bestowed their endowments on colleges or scientific institutions. It was characteristic of the man that this benevolence was planned long in advance and precisely as he would have worked out any commercial enterprise.

The original trustees and their first general agent, Dr. Barnas Sears, were quick to lay down the principle that the fund was to be utilized to stimulate free public schools for whites and blacks, and to reject the theory that its chief duty was to dole out charitable aid to all in want of the means of education. The promotion of primary or common-school education was the first aim; but the effort was from the first limited to schools in which large numbers could be gathered together, instead of favoring small schools either directly or by paying for the tuition of poor children. A second aim was the development of State normal schools and the training of teachers, white and black, for work in the primary schools. The enlargement of the Nashville School is not only in keeping with this purpose, but is a recognition of what is to-day still the great educational need of the South—the preparation of competent teachers of both races and both sexes. Thanks to the educational campaign carried on by the Southern Education Board and the General Education Board there is a keen realization of what such an institution means to a State. This in itself shows how far the South has advanced since the hour of Mr. Peabody's great benefaction.

Without it and the equally memorable Slater Fund, these new agencies for the educational uplifting of the South would have found the field they are tilling far more difficult and more barren than has been the case. Mr. Peabody

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followed up his first gift with another million dollars in 1869, in addition to other deferred securities similar to the Mississippi bonds, and similarly repudiated. With these means the first trustees carried on the original policy until 1879, when the Southern States had thoroughly committed themselves to the work of establishing and carrying on free public schools. Deeming their primary purpose then completed, the trustees concentrated their efforts upon normal schools, a policy that was received with marked favor in the South, and which resulted in the rapid establishment of three normal schools in Virginia: the Sam Houston at Huntsville, Texas; the State Normal and Industrial School at Greensboro, North Carolina, and many others, most of which, with the aid of the Peabody fund, have grown into increasingly important institutions. The Peabody Normal College, which was established in 1875 on the grounds of the State University at Nashville, received from the fund $383,584.10 in scholarships for the twenty years from 1877 to 1897, and substantial aid from the State, which has appropriated $15,000 a year since 1891. From 1868 to September 30, 1897, the total income distributed in twelve States for public and normal schools reached the great figure of $2,478,527.13. In 1900, the income paid out amounted to $84,055.61; in 1901, $80,229.57; in 1902, $79,880.41, and in 1903, $75,400.00. In the last-named year, appropriation for State institutes (gatherings of teachers) was discontinued in favor of the summer schools stimulated by the General Board, and October, 1904, was fixed as the time after which no more scholarships should be awarded to pupils at the Nashville normal school.

Within brief limits, it is impossible to do more than merely indicate what has been accomplished by Mr. Peabody's philanthropy and wise foresight. The dissolution of the trust will obviously not for a moment end the work it has undertaken; nor is it to be regarded as a sign that Southern education no longer needs aid from without. To the Southern and General Education Boards has fallen the task of carrying on the stimulation of public schools, with remarkable success. Actuated by a broader policy, notably the scientific studying of the problems to be faced, they have only just begun to enter the field in which George Peabody was the pioneer who made these later, far-reaching enterprises possible.

REFORM OF MUNICIPAL ACCOUNTING.

Few efforts to improve the government of American cities have acquired greater momentum in a comparatively short time than the attempt to secure reasonable uniformity in municipal accounting. Leadership in the movement seems to have fallen, by general consent, to the National Municipal League, represented by an efficient committee at the head of which is Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, the City Statistician of Boston. In 1903 this committee enlisted the cooperation of the State Commissioners for promoting uniformity in legislation, as well as of the Census Bureau, which is making commendable efforts to coördinate all branches of statistical inquiry in the United States. Moreover, an increasing number of cities are enlisting the services of professional accountants in the installation of improved systems of bookkeeping, and following more or less closely the schedules proposed by the committee of the Municipal League. In short, we now find associations of public-spirited citizens, the Federal census, progressive city officials, and professional accountants of national repute joining forces with a view to placing the movement upon a basis at once business-like and scientific, and therefore eminently practical in every sense of the word.

From the outset, the committee of the Municipal League has wisely confined its efforts to devising a simple and practical scheme for summarizing the accounts of an American city, and has not attempted to elaborate a complete system of bookkeeping designed to displace existing methods. In many cases, doubtless, the methods of bookkeeping are so rudimentary or chaotic that the installation of a new set of books is the first desideratum, as was found to be the case in Chicago and some other places. But the impetus to such far-reaching changes must, of necessity, proceed from local movements, like that inaugurated by the Merchants' Club in Chicago, and cannot come from the recommendations of an outside body. The committee felt that much would be accomplished if local officials could be induced to summarize city accounts according to some rational and uniform scheme; and that, if this could be secured, the improvement of bookkeeping methods would naturally follow. The schedules proposed for model comptrollers' reports were first advanced tentatively; and then, after being put to repeated practical tests, in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, and elsewhere, were gradually amended at points where it appeared possible to improve them. Although further amendment may prove desirable, the schedules, as they stand to-day, offer a consistent scheme of classification, which has endured well the test of experience.

We regard it as especially fortunate that the coöperation of the Census Bureau is now assured. As early as 1850 the Federal census undertook to present facts concerning the valuation and taxation of property; and the scope of this inquiry was broadened, decade by decade, until in 1890 a large body of statistics was gathered concerning the finances of our States and minor civil divisions. In 1902 the collection of social statistics of cities with over thirty thousand inhabitants, which had previously fallen to the Department of Labor, was transferred to the Census Bureau, and it at once began to gather financial statistics of the larger municipalities. The report, which will soon be published, will present comparative exhibits of municipal payments and receipts, classified in accordance with the general plan of the National Municipal League. This investigation is to be repeated at intervals of two years, and will accustom city officials to repeated demands for financial statements prepared in such a form as will make them available for comparative purposes. If the census authorities are alive to their opportunities, they may easily exert a steady pressure in behalf of uniform municipal accounting. So far, it is reported, city officials have shown commendable readiness to coöperate with the census; and it seems probable that in this direction lie the greatest opportunities for progress in the immediate future. It is an interesting commentary upon the need of such a movement that in three cities the special agents of the census disclosed irregularities which led to the indictment of the officials concerned, and that in several others their inquiries were delayed by the fact that the books which they wanted "were in the hands of grand juries."

New York has lagged behind some of the other States in this important movement. The law of 1903, which required cities of the second and third class to file classified reports annually with the Secretary of State, was a step in the right direction, and was perhaps as much as should be attempted at the outset. The returns received under this law will undoubtedly possess much interest, but they will probably demonstrate the necessity of following it up with a more comprehensive and efficient statute. In his last report the State Comptroller recommended that a more complete scheme of accounting, with provisions for effective supervision, should be established; and it is to be hoped that some such measure may be enacted at the present session of the Legislature. New York cannot afford to neglect the example set by such States as Ohio, Wyoming, and the Dakotas; and should, without further delay, insist upon reasonable order and uniformity in municipal housekeeping. This is a matter in which sporadic action by municipalities cannot meet the needs of the case, and one in which universality and uniformity are highly desirable. And, perhaps, while the subject of public accounting is under consideration, it might be well to inquire whether the accounts of the State itself

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cannot be stated in such form that the average citizen could, if he should so desire, ascertain the net expenditures and revenues of the commonwealth for any fiscal year.

IRREPRESSIBLE REFORM IN RUSSIA.

Prince Kropotkin's article on "Constitutional Agitation in Russia," in the January *Nineteenth Century*, lights up the Russian political situation. He writes with such sure-footed knowledge of both the past and present of his country; is so closely in touch with all its political movements, whether radical or reactionary; has so many correspondents in Russia, and such means of sounding provincial sentiment as well as that of the great cities, that his words are clothed with the greatest authority. If the supreme test of science is its power to predict, then Prince Kropotkin's article may be said to be really scientific, since it foretold the events of ten days ago. Speaking of the political demonstrations of November and early December, he wrote: "They surely will be joined by workingmen. . . . And if they are dispersed by force, they will result in bloodshed, of which none can foresee the end."

Yet there was "nothing unforeseen," asserts Kropotkin, in the demand for a Russian Constitution guaranteeing national representation. It seemed to be put forward suddenly and dramatically in November, but it was only the inevitable result of slowly moving forces. For years it has been true that dissatisfaction with the autocratic régime has been acute and mounting. The universities have been honeycombed with unrest and the spirit of revolt. "Wherever a few educated persons come together, nothing is spoken of but the coming Constitution." Of course, the reformers have, to encourage them, the memory of Alexander's II.'s action, twenty-three years ago, in preparing to grant what was practically, though not in name, a Constitution. He was assassinated just before the manifesto was to be issued. His son thought, for a time, of going on in the same direction, and actually wrote to his brother: "I feel so happy; the weight is off my shoulders; I am granting a Constitution." But Alexander III. was soon captured by the reactionaries, with Pobiedonostseff at their head, and, instead of a Constitution, proclaimed his intention to "take the ruling power in our own hands."

Some of the conditions which make the existing system intolerable are pictured by Kropotkin with striking detail. The bureaucracy steadily eats away every legal right, every judicial safeguard, of Russian subjects. For example, the so-called Judicial Law of 1864 contained guarantees against arbitrary action by the police. Citizens, even those accused of political crimes, were to be taken before magistrates. But this law has been torn to pieces by no less than *seven hundred by-laws* issued since 1864, limiting the rights of the courts, abolishing public trial, and so on, until, as the lawyers of Saratoff declared in public meeting, "all the principles of the law of Alexander II. have been annihilated. This law exists only in name." Statistics prove the assertion completely. In 1903, for example, "4,867 persons were submitted to various penalties, including imprisonment, inflicted by the Administration, without the interference of any magistrate. Out of these, no fewer than 1,502 were sent into exile, for terms up to ten years." Compare this with the corresponding figure for the last year of the reign of Alexander III. (1894), when it was only 55! No wonder that the resolutions passed by the Moscow lawyers should lay down the general principle:

> "It appears from Russia's whole life for the last forty years that it is absolutely hopeless to endeavor to introduce in our country the reign of Right, so long as the arbitrary rule of bureaucracy continues to exist, even though all sorts of rights may be inscribed in our code."

Of the present Czar, Kropotkin writes without bitterness, yet with a keen sense of his vacillating and feebly striving character. Weak for good, Nicholas has somehow found strength enough to resist the forces making for better governmental policies. "At the decisive moment, he always had enough energy to turn the scales in favor of reaction." So it was in Poland, in Finland, in Armenia, with the zemstvos, with the students. Yet it was with the Czar's consent that Witte "began to prepare the gradual passage from autocracy to some sort of Constitutional régime." His commissions on Russian agriculture, co-operating with the zemstvos, brought out overwhelming testimony from all classes, noblemen and peasants alike, that Russia is perishing under police rule. This inquiry, as Witte's delayed report at last shows, was designed to hasten the granting of certain political liberties and a degree of representative government. But the reactionaries again prevailed upon Nicholas. He displaced Witte by promotion to the Council of State and made Plehve omnipotent. What happened to the latter, we know. The question now is whether Witte, with his plan of moderate progress and safe concessions, will be permitted again to direct the Imperial policy.

Of one thing Kropotkin is convinced. Whether or not the autocracy decides to yield something, it "never will be able any more to stop the movement." What has occurred since this was written tends but to confirm it. The thing is too big and has too much vitality to be extinguished by even blood and iron. All classes in Russia have caught the new spirit. It used to be only the young men who were revolutionaries. In the circles of the seventies, writes Kropotkin, "a man of thirty was an old man." Today, graybeards join the youth in protesting against the autocratic bureaucracy. Landlords are at one with peasants; the educated with the working classes. Far in the interior the ferment is at work; Kropotkin testifying that the local newspapers sent to him "reveal quite a new provincial life." Already the zemstvos have brought forward men with talent for administration. That they will, in time, be called to exercise it in national affairs, is Kropotkin's positive prediction. Hopeful old revolutionary that he is, he writes like one in sight of the promised land. He may not live to enter it, but others of his compatriots will, unless the laws of political progress are suddenly abrogated.

SMALL ART MUSEUMS.

It is most interesting news that Mr. Charles J. Freer of Detroit has offered his remarkable collections, with a building in which they are to be kept intact, to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This gift, we note, is somewhat vaguely said to include his paintings and prints; one would gladly learn that it comprises, besides his well-known Whistlers and the little group of modern Americans, also those Japanese color prints and paintings which afford so suggestive a parallel to the Western examples. In Whistlers, it should be recalled, Mr. Freer's gallery is extraordinarily rich; about fifty paintings and drawings from it were shown in the Boston Whistler exhibition of last spring. Since that time he has acquired the famous peacock decorations which were the occasion of a notable quarrel between the peppery master and the shipbuilder Leyland. In his American purchases Mr. Freer has stuck pretty closely to the works of Messrs. T. W. Dewing, Tryon, Horatio Walker, and Abbott Thayer, of whom he possesses admirable canvases. All of his objects of art Mr. Freer has lent with the greatest liberality, and the occasion of their assemblage and installation at Washington may furnish not only to outsiders, but to the owner himself, the first opportunity in years of seeing the collection in its integrity.

But the conditions of the gift are more interesting than the inventory of Mr. Freer's treasures. He purposes to build a small building and increase the collections during his lifetime, and he requires that no change shall be made after his death. The plan, then, is for a miniature museum representing an individual taste, and it is easy to see how such a collection can be given a greater attractiveness than is possible in the vast halls of public museums. Mr. Freer means, we understand, to reproduce the famous Peacock Room. It will

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form an ideal setting for Whistler's works of a certain period—an extraordinary show-place for Chinese porcelains. In fact, this use is already suggested by the central figure in the decorative scheme, "La Princesse du pays de porcelaine." Throughout the little building one may imagine the kind of congruousness that makes a well-ordered private collection a comfortable place to linger in, whereas comfort is had in a public museum only by a resolute effort of detachment and concentration.

We believe that Mr. Freer's gift, if not the first of its kind in America, is the first of importance. We trust it may prove a stimulus and a warning to other public-spirited collectors, since frequently a personal collection is given to a great museum with the condition that it be kept intact. Very justifiable when the gift practically constitutes a department—like the Heber Bishop jades in our Metropolitan Museum—usually such conditions are, frankly, onerous; they interfere sadly with the general classification of the museum. Furthermore, the stipulation is almost always futile. Collections transferred to public galleries quickly lose all personal quality. Visitors rarely know by the generosity of which donor they are profiting as they pass through a dozen such bequests. In fact, a label on each object indicating the giver is a far better reminder to posterity than the unheeded signboard by the entrance door. Accordingly Mr. Freer's gift has this hint for generously minded art collectors, that if the personal milieu of a collection is not so rare as to be worth preserving in a separate institution, the gift to a public museum should in almost all cases be unconditional.

We hope to see these smaller institutions multiply, and we believe that only pedants will take the other view. So inevitable is the drift towards the great museums that there is some danger that the sense of a finer and more intimate delight in works of art may be weakened. The museums have their very necessary and useful function. To students they are indispensable, to the greater public a means of education and enjoyment. But in all matters of arrangement of exhibits the final result is perforce a compromise between considerations of space, scientific classification, and æsthetic effect. Thus, Director Madrazo of the Prado boldly hangs his two Watteaus in the Titian room, where they shine; otherwise they would be lost in their logical place among the mediocrities of the French school. Happy audacities of such a sort a great museum can permit itself only exceptionally. In a small personal collection they are or should be the rule. That this is not merely a fine-spun distinction—a whim of preciosity—many can prove from their own experience. One need only recall the little Poldo-Pezzoli collection at Milan, or the residence of the late Gustave Moreau at Paris, in which his visionary imaginings are kept together, or, on a lower level of taste, the possessions of the actor-manager Alleyne, still piously treasured at Dulwich College, to realize that these little museums fill a place left unoccupied by the more catholic collections. The mere quiet of such shrines is an incalculable advantage. Let the art-lover clear his mind of cant and ask himself frankly if the Tribunal of the Uffizi, amid the reigning conditions of touristic tumult, is not precisely the place he would most resignedly never enter again. By such a challenge of the conventions he will effectually plead the cause of the small museum.

In the interest of diversity, then, we hope to see other gifts like Mr. Freer's. Between such small foundations and the great museums there is no rivalry. Each aids the other. And the art life of a city is richer when, beside its great museum, it has here and there many little galleries which represent, not so much art history, as the personal enthusiasms of some collector of taste, and are a kind of visible counsel of perfection to the entire art-loving community.

ITALY'S TRIBUTE TO CARDUCCI.

FLORENCE, January 13, 1905.

Italy cannot be included among the nations that Ruskin reproaches with ingratitude to their great ones during life, as far as her foremost poet and prose writer is concerned, for it would be difficult to imagine what higher honors than those now showered on the living genius could be accorded him had he already joined the mystic realms "where the immortal are." It is not only the fact of the national tribute of 12,000 lire assigned to him as an annuity, besides the ordinary pension due for his forty-five years of teaching as professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna; it is the spontaneous and almost unanimous enthusiasm that has accompanied the tribute, the universal outpouring of affection, admiration, gratitude, and reverence showered on him from every class and party throughout the peninsula, and, despite the prohibition of Austria, from unredeemed Trieste, that is significant. Remarkable, too, when we recall the many phases through which Carducci's political career has passed. Beginning with his adhesion to the first King of Italy, his "all hail" to the white cross of Savoy in 1859, he represented the national sentiment in those days when the hopes of Italy were centred on the little kingdom at the foot of the Alps, which alone held aloft the Tricolor; whose king, on a defeated battlefield, had seized the tattered banner and refused to surrender it to Radetzki, even as he refused to abrogate the Constitution, although Piedmont was invaded, Alessandria occupied, the capital menaced, the very existence of the little kingdom in peril. Then Moderates and Liberals, Monarchists and Republicans, were of one mind because Unity had at last enshrined itself in the hearts of all. But when, after Cavour's death, the faction that had done little or nothing to ensure national redemption, reckoning as the chief, if not the only, factor the man of the Second of December, bowed servilely to his least behest, shooting down the Liberator of eleven millions of Italians, and later transforming the King of Italy into the gendarme of the temporal power, treating the southern provinces as they had been treated by the Bourbon; then the poet, for whom Italy's national existence, greatness, and nobility were the supreme aims, lashed in poetry and in prose her servile crew, in unmeasured terms, especially after Mentana, when his accusing voice echoed through the land. Then, indeed, he became the object of fear and hatred to the Moderates, every obstacle was thrown in his path; and here the Clericals joined hands with their enemies, for they, too, felt the stings of the author of "Satan," though they never understood its full force or meaning.

After the final entry into Rome, the revolutionary note was modified, but it was not until the Right fell and the old Party of Action came to power that Carducci gave in his adherence to an Italian Government. Meanwhile, for his praises of Mazzini, whom he learned to appreciate all too late, he was by Bonghi suspended from his chair and salary for six months, but such was the adoration of his students that none dared longer to deprive them of their Master. Among the Left he had his special Benjamins, chiefly Cairoli and Zanardelli. Crispi then occupied only a second place in his heart. Bertani, from first to last, he loved and esteemed. But, gradually, one and all failed to satisfy him in view of their dissensions, their jealousies—above all, their neglect of the suffering and overburdened masses, the total absence of popular education, which he had constantly and vehemently insisted upon in speeches ever since 1862. And if he pleaded almost without hope with conservatives in power, when the reformers came to the helm he challenged them in far severer terms. Sadder and severer grew his reproaches as the seventies passed and the incapacity of his beloved Cairoli, the supineness of all the ministers of foreign affairs, left Italy at the mercy of France, hostile under MacMahon, impertinent under Decazes, insolent under Gambetta, perjured in Tunis as of old in Rome. In his wonderful prose lyric on the day after Garibaldi's death, Carducci stops short, stung by the contrast of the ignominy of the present with the glories of the past; and, after a terrible accusation of all parties and sects then ravaging Italy, closes with this pathetic appeal:

"In the times of Homeric Greece, around the pyres of their heroes their countrymen and comrades flung into the flames all that was dearest to them; some sacrificed their horses, some their slaves, some themselves. I do not ask such a sacrifice from the Italians. I know that parties must exist because they are necessary to liberty. But I ask all parties, from the monarchical, which claims Garibaldi as its ally, to the Socialists, who claim him as their leader and abettor, to sacrifice on his funeral pyre, whose flames face the sea,* not their dearest treasures, but every base thing belonging to them. If this they do, we may hope that in the days of trial and of danger (and

*When Carducci on the 4th of July, 1882, spoke thus, no one doubted that Garibaldi's last commands would be obeyed and his body burned, pagan fashion, in Caprera, facing the sea. His family, friends, and comrades disobeyed, and bitterly Carducci reproached them. His allusion to the Socialists' claim of Garibaldi for their own is due to Garibaldi's still repeated sentence, "Socialism is the sun of the future."

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these seem near and mighty), the spirit of Garibaldi may return, leading the van of our armies once more to glory and to victory."

Thus as ever Carducci proved himself member of no party, intent only on purging his country of all her weakness and wickedness, on uplifting her to the ideal of goodness, to real noble and lasting greatness.

Once more, and for the last time, we think, in May, 1886, Carducci launched bitter and scornful condemnation on Depretis in the last year of his ministerial life, pledging himself as he had promised Bertani, just deceased, to take his seat in Parliament if elected in Pisa, because a lofty idea of duty impelled him to go and combat the disastrous system of government which, declining all responsibility, claimed to guide the nation whithersoever and with whatsoever means it might choose. After enumerating the sins of omission and commission of the "unscrupulous old cynic," he denounces the Triple Alliance, which compels Italy "to sacrifice a portion of her internal liberties, to fling to the winds her historical ideality, to set the democratic sign and seal to mediæval conceptions and plans, without a guarantee for the present or a pledge for the future." Then he charged Depretis with the guilt of squandering life and treasure in Africa, while portions of Italian soil were unredeemed and Italian multitudes were perishing for want of labor and of bread.

Depretis died, and Crispi, from 1887 to 1891, appeared to Carducci the redeemer of Italy at home and abroad. At home he undoubtedly was so, for he fulfilled all the pledges given by the Party of Action in opposition, and he was not responsible either for the Triple Alliance, which he could not dissolve, or for the African policy, which he did not initiate. But in his thick-and-thin championship of Crispi during the revolts in Sicily and of the delirious dream of empire in Africa, Carducci offended every party in Italy by his speeches and his prose writings, especially by his poem to Crispi's daughter (January 10, 1895).

While far from endorsing his incentives to imperialistic tendencies, partial and transitory as fortunately they were, we refer to them to show that Carducci has never sought popularity or applause, has often and often repelled applause; and, looking through the splendid new volume of his prose works which includes the principal (though many gems are omitted despite the 1,500 pages), one is compelled to recognize that Carducci has been consistent and tenacious throughout—never a partisan save of Italy, always the champion of what seemed to him at the time most beneficial, most conducive to Italy's taking her place as a factor of peace and progress among the nations of Europe. It is the recognition of this, his guiding star, as much as his countrymen's pride in his genius, that explains the passionate enthusiasm that accompanies the national tribute which accords posthumous honors to the living man beloved. It is true that though the proposal was received with acclamation, there were found in the urns of the Chamber of Deputies two and twenty hostile votes. Were they deposited by the Socialists or by the Clericals? Probably by some of both parties. The revolutionary Socialists know that they have in Carducci a stern, firm, immutable opponent, though the more one reads and rereads his prose works, the more one realizes how constant and tender has been his solicitude for the redemption of the masses from the depths of misery and ignorance in which they are still sunk. Speaking in 1873 to the League for Popular Instruction, he noted with sorrow that one to whom a prize had been adjudicated could not be found to receive it.

"He was a shepherd who, during the winter, while tending the flocks he had brought from the mountains to the plains, attended the evening school of Calamosco with such diligence as to deserve the prize. But he returned, and we cannot give it to him, as he left not a trace. We can, however, rejoice that, during his summer sojourn in the mountains, his days will be less lonely and wretched since he can find consolation in books that may teach him hope and good things."

His stanzas entitled "Carnival," so beautifully rendered by Frank Sewall, reveal the passionate sympathy of the poet for the weak, the suffering, the abandoned millions, his indignation against the cruel indifference of the wealthy and the powerful for these human outcasts in their inhuman wretchedness. "Why," we asked him once, "have you given us no more of those all-powerful protests and appeals?" "Because," he answered, "I fear to stir up in these unhappy ones impotent vengeance, resolves which can only add to their wretchedness by alienating the classes who begin to realize their wrongs and to recognize their rights, and to throw them into the arms of anarchists who would divide this Italy of ours, still so weak and isolated, and bring about a fratricidal war in a nation that must remain united against her many and most powerful foes." For his bitter censures of the revolutionary Socialists he was in 1899 excluded from the provincial and municipal councils in Bologna, and his defiant strictures on their methods assuredly did not conciliate them.

Of the hundreds of articles and speeches which all exalt Carducci's name, a few are worth recording. That of Orlando, in introducing the bill, was reverent as it was affectionate.

"This measure," he said, "will ensure to our aged poet rest and tranquillity, enhance the prospect of fresh works of beauty; and the glorious singer of regenerated Italy, the stanch and trustful prophet of her lofty destinies, the kindly pleader for a happier future for weary human workers, will hear in the homage of this assembly the admiring and grateful voice of future idealists. . . . Regret as we must the loss of the great Teacher who, from his chair in Bologna, has, by the austerity and solidity of his learning, the geniality emanating from his lofty genius, given fresh life and vigor to the intellectuality of all scholastic institutions, he will not cease to educate us in his retirement from the University. This master of masters will yet give us fresh poetry and prose which will compensate us for the silence of his actual voice in the University. The future historian of new Italy, writing of the great century whose ideas and aspirations we inherit together with the gigantic results of their heroic deeds, will meet at every step this exalted figure, this poet, author, erudite, artist, and professor, who sums up in his laborious career the thought of his time in all that is loftiest and best; whose voice has echoed through the world, gaining once more the admiration of foreign nations for Italy.

"But at this moment it is his work as educator that chiefly occupies us, as the educator of Italian youth in civic virtue, in probity of intellect, in contempt for all hypocrisy, for all shams or falsities. His constant effort has been, not only to comprehend and appreciate our great ones in their relations to the times in which they lived, but to keep them pure from imposture in art, in study and in life. His austere methods of compelling conscientious research have radically reformed the mental habits of his students; his stern prohibition of rhetorical improvisation has forced them to observe the rigid laws of rectitude and of sincerity—laws which extend to individual character and to social relations. His sovereign art, while it disproved the hasty affirmations of superficial observers that all poetry was dead, grew and purified itself in his intense love of country, in religious obedience to the law of progress, in filial reverence for Nature, whose beauty he worships, whose profound mysteries he has transfused into his potent verse. The soul is retempered and the mind embraces ever wider horizons as he leads us up to some sublime Alpine height, and in his *Carmi* future generations also will sun themselves in his vivifying faith in the nobility of human destinies, in the perfection of humanity's ideal."

In speaking of Carducci's austere methods and his disdain for rhetorical improvisation, the Minister of Public Instruction touched one of the keynotes of the Master's educational system. Woe to the student who dared to send him a poem or an article for inspection. In one term he must have received several, for in an irate mood he mocked and scoffed at his class, saying, "If I knew the mothers of these silly boys I would recommend them to take off their slippers [here a pantomimic act] and send them supperless to bed!" And in one of his "furious soliloquies" (published in 1885) he writes:

"I have been thinking of my bill for classical instruction. Here is the thirtieth article: 'When any pupil of any professor of Italian literature shall print a poem or prose article within three years of taking his degree, that professor shall be deprived of his chair.' Article 31st: 'Any professor whose pupil shall print prose or poetry while yet a student, shall be beaten with rods.'"

Very touching was the speech of the venerable Senator Finale in presenting the measure to the upper house.

"He rejoiced in the good fortune that had fallen to the committee of which he was chosen reporter. A tribute similar to the one now proposed had been paid to Alessandro Manzoni by Rattazzi, minister during Victor Emanuel's dictatorship; but the vote of the nation represented in her Parliament, now that Italy is one, free and independent, with her seat in Rome intangible, receives additional solemnity and will be held by our poet as a greater prize than the crown awarded in other days to Petrarch in the capitol; and the applauding voices of the nation will echo beyond mountain and sea wheresoever the language of the *si* is spoken. From Carducci, teacher, author, poet and prose writer, a new life and school of literature takes initiative. In his works, modern ideas and sentiments appear reclothed in marvellous classic forms; the noblest traditions of the past present themselves with audacious modernity. Even old men like myself, who were not formed in his school, stand entranced before the insuperable manifestations of his genius and his art."

Not a dissenting voice was there in the Senate. One voice, one vote, and that acclaimed in silence.

Though it was known that Carducci's resolution to resign his chair was irrevocable, it was thought just possible that this national tribute might induce him to retain the chair, allowing a substitute to give the lectures when the fatigue was too much for him. The entire body of the professors, all his adoring colleagues, entreated him not to abandon them, to give even

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one lecture during the year, to deliver at least the inaugural address; but this now could never be. Since his health began to fail in 1898, he has for weeks together entrusted his students to his best beloved disciple, Severino Ferrari, who for five years, when professor of Italian literature in the Female University here in Florence, used to go every week to replace his worshipped master, whom he also always assisted during the arduous examinations. In 1902 Ferrari was transferred from Florence to Bologna as professor of stylistics, and this irreparable loss to the noble band of Italian women who desired the highest education that Italy can give, was not mitigated by their joy in the beloved professor's personal advancement. For his health failed almost immediately—so seriously that he could no longer assist his master, and is at present compelled to desist from giving his own lectures. To no other hands would Carducci have confided his scholars; as he never allowed a lecture to be missed unless detained at Rome by his duties as Senator or member of the Supreme Council of Public Instruction, he had to choose between resigning his chair and abstaining from all other tasks, even that of revising and reëditing his former works. Hence his brief demand for permission to retire from his professional duties, enclosing a certificate from his family physician that they were indeed too heavy for his enfeebled health. Fortunately, though delicate, he is stronger than he has been of late years; and that his intellect remains lucid and bright as of yore, his articles on "The Development of the Ode in Italy," on "The Spring and Flowers of Lyrical Poetry," and, in this January's *Antologia*, an article on Dante's sonnet "Tre Donne," give ample proof. Naturally the surprise, gladness, and gratitude aroused by this universal homage have tried him not a little, but the devoted care of Donna Elvira and his family has prevented any baneful effects.

Beyond all praise has been the conduct of his admirers and friends in the town and province of Bologna, and from provinces further off. Instead of going separately or collectively to give him New Year's greetings, all agreed to send letters, cards, addresses, and happy returns to the editor of the *Resto del Carlino*, the Bolognese newspaper that has been faithful to him forever and a day. These, forming a monumental pyramid of love, were taken to him on New Year's day, telegrams raining down meanwhile: a pleasant opening, this, of 1905, and not alone for the recipient of all this genuine sympathetic homage.

J. W. M.

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

PARIS, January 13, 1905.

I will not dwell on the great revolution which has taken place in the French mind on the subject of the music of Richard Wagner. I still remember the evening on which his "Tannhäuser" was played for the first time at the French Opéra—it seemed as if Wagner, having suffered a crushing defeat, could never be heard of again; but the defeat was unjust, and Wagner is now the undiscussed representative of a musical school which has fanatical adepts.

It would at one time have seemed impossible to play "Tristan and Isolde" on the French stage; but this extraordinary musical drama draws now an enthusiastic audience to the Opéra, and books are written on the admirable legend which was used by Wagner. This legend has been reconstituted from fragments of the French poets of the twelfth century and of their foreign imitators, and has been printed for the first time in a splendid volume, 'Roman de Tristan et Iseut,' for a limited number of bibliophiles, and illustrated with one hundred and fifty colored engravings. The author of this fine work, M. J. Bédier, had already published a cheap and popular work on the same subject. This volume has a preface written by M. Gaston Paris, which is very interesting. He tells us that "M. J. Bédier is the worthy successor of the old *trouvères*, who tried to decant into the light crystal of our language the intoxicating beverage in which the Cornwall lovers found one love and death," by narrating "the marvellous history of their enchantment, their joys, their sufferings, their death, as, coming out of the depths of the Celtic fantasy, it pleased and troubled the soul of the French of the twelfth century."

There exists no complete French embodiment of the legend; if there had been one, M. Bédier would have contented himself with giving a faithful translation of it in modern French. We possess only fragments.

"Of the romances of Tristan," writes M. Gaston Paris, "known to have existed, and which must have been of great length, those of Chrétien de Troyes and of La Chèvre have entirely perished; of Béroul's romance there remain three thousand verses; as much remains of the work of Thomas, and fifteen hundred verses of an anonymous work. Then we have foreign translations, three of which give us pretty exactly for the substance, but not for the form, the work of Thomas, and one of which represents a poem very similar to the work of Béroul. We have here and there allusions, often valuable, little episodic poems, and finally the undigested prose romance, in which we find, in the midst of a medley constantly increased by successive writers, some remains of lost versions."

M. Bédier chose to revive for us the legend of Tristan in its oldest form, or at least in the oldest to be found in French. He therefore began by translating as faithfully as possible the fragment of Béroul, and to this he has added what he thought most appropriate, much like a sculptor who, discovering the Venus of Milo, should undertake to add the missing arms to the body. The difficulty lies in finding an exact harmony between all the parts of the statue. M. Bédier, in the opinion of M. Gaston Paris, who was a very competent judge, has solved the problem satisfactorily; he has, at the end of the nineteenth century, succeeded in giving us a poem of the end of the twelfth century.

"By combining the indications, sometimes very slight, of the French *conteurs*," says M. Paris, "we succeed in perceiving what this savage poem might have been to the Celts, always surrounded by the sea or the forest, the hero of which, demi-god rather than man, is presented to us as the master, or rather as the inventor, of all barbaric arts, a killer of stags and bears, an incomparable wrestler, an audacious navigator; knowing how to play on the harp, how to imitate the song of every bird; and, with all that, invincible in battle, a tamer of monsters, protector of his faithful friends, merciless to his enemies, living an almost superhuman life, a constant object of admiration, of devotion, of envy."

This type would not be complete if love had no part in it; but this word must be explained when we talk of the epic poems of the times of Tristan and Isolde. In all the literature of that period, love is not treated as a passion so long as it is governed by duty; it is a passion only when it is outside of established rules; it then acts, as it were, as a force no longer controllable by the will, and consequently it becomes a dramatic element, having the character of fate, and naturally associated with the idea of death. Such is the character of the passion which devours Tristan and Isolde, and which connects in their legend the ideas of love and of death. This connection takes material shape in the philter which plays such an important part in this drama of the twelfth century. The ancients also used the philter in their mythology; but their philters were employed only to induce love, and were not at the same time instruments of death, at least not of necessity. Love and death were not profoundly related in the optimistic mind of the Greeks. M. Gaston Paris tells us that with the Celts "the idea of symbolizing involuntary, irresistible, and eternal love in a beverage whose action (and herein it differs from vulgar philters) lasts during the whole of life and even persists after death, invests the history of the lovers with its fatal and mysterious character; this idea evidently had its origin in the old Celtic witchcraft."

The notion of the fatality of love, placed outside and above all laws, is the commanding inspiration of the poem of Tristan and Isolde. Love is thus purified by suffering; and it is no wonder if the poem became so popular, and if, in the admirable language of music used by Wagner, it speaks to so many hearts.

"In the midst," says M. Gaston Paris, "of the ordinary frailty of human affections, of constant disillusion, this pair, fettered from the beginning by a mysterious bond, tossed by many storms, and resisting their force, trying in vain to recover their freedom, and finally drawn together in a last and eternal embrace, appeared and still appear one of the forms of the ideal which man is never tired of placing above the real, and of which the multiple and opposite aspects are only the various manifestations of his obstinate aspiration towards happiness."

The music of Wagner, who drew out of the poem the essence which is everlasting and is as well suited to our time as to old times, is also a philter. It may be thought a poisonous doctrine to place love outside of and above all laws, and almost to sanctify it by the idea of death. Death is the end of all things human, of virtue as well as of vice; and M. Gaston Paris writes truly: "There is no ideal of which the charm has not its danger. . . . We must, when we pass the grotto of the Sirens, tie ourselves firmly to the mast, without renouncing audience of the divine melody which speaks to mortals of superhuman felicities." The poem, however, as M. Bédier gives it to us in its exact original, is so different from our modern life that it can hardly be considered an incentive to our passions; it differs as much from a modern picture as a mediæval glass window, with its straight lines and stiff attitudes. It is a document, and, as such, throws much light on the manners and the feelings of a very distant period, and of a race whose characters have been slowly altered by the work of time and by ethnical mixtures.

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It is impossible to give an account of the poem; it must be read. All its beauty is in its development and its details. There is still room in it for many musical interpretations. The imaginative genius of Wagner seized upon only one of its episodes (the most striking, to be sure).

Correspondence.

A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY OF THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was sent to me, from Chicago, in 1903, for identification, 'La Vita di Carlo Magno Imperadore, scritta in lingua Italiana da Petruccio Ubaldino Cittadin Fiorentino. [John Wolfe's device of the seeding fleur-de-lis, flanked by his motto, *Ubique florescit.*] Londra: Appresso Giouanni Wolfio Inghilese. 1581. [4to, pp. 125, A through Q.]

'La Vita di Carlo Magno' has long enjoyed among bibliophiles the reputation, given to it by Ubaldini in his Epistle Dedicatory, of being the first Italian book printed in England. It is not, however, the first English imprint in Italian, having had several less ambitious forerunners. Two of these tracts, previously printed in London, I have recorded in my 'Elizabethan Translations from the Italian' (pp. 360-1), and I shall be able to add two more to my revision of that work, now in preparation.

The little quarto is perfect, although it shows the marks of time. These marks are three in number: all the bands but one are loosened from the back; the clasps are gone; and a bookworm has enhanced the romantic interest of the life of Charlemagne by journeying through the wide margins from the back cover forwards, through end-papers and signatures to Signature E. The book is bound in limp white vellum and illuminated in gold, front and back. On the fly-leaf, opposite the title-page, is inscribed, in beautiful Italian script:

All' Ill^mo et Ecc^mo Sig^r il Sig^r
Conte di Lecestrioré
Petruccio Ubaldino, in riconoscenza
dicerta, et nó mai dimenticata obligatio:
né, et di douuta humiltà desidera
prosperità.

On the title-page, under the date, there is written "Elizabeth R."

I was asked for my opinion of the genuineness of the inscription and the signature. Of the inscription I had no doubt whatever but that there had come into my hands the unique exemplar presented by the author and illuminator to the Earl of Leicester. Of the supposed royal signature I had every doubt, for the following reasons: in 1581, Leicester had been married for three years to Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex, and Elizabeth was in the eleventh year of those remarkable negotiations known as the Alençon marriage. I know no reason why her signature should be in his book at that time, or later, unless she came into possession of it after his death, in 1588, when she ordered his goods to be sold at public auction in discharge of a debt he owed to the exchequer. 'Nichols's Progresses' affords a curious possible confirmation of this conjecture. It records that in 1588-9 Petruccio Ubaldini gave the Queen, for a New Year's gift, "a book covered with vellum of Italian," for which she returned a gift of five and a half ounces of gilt plate. Ubaldini may have bought in his own richly illuminated book at the Leicester sale and presented it to the Queen.

I have never met with Queen Elizabeth's handwriting *in extenso*, either original or in facsimile, and do not know whether she wrote the old English hand or the Italian script that was displacing it during her reign. Certainly all the facsimiles of her signature I have seen are like those affixed to the Rolls of New Year's Gifts in Nichols. There she signs a bold Italian "Elizabeth R." As is well known, many educated Elizabethans wrote familiarly the old English hand and signed their names in the running Italian script. It is a significant evidence of Shakspere's origin and social status that he never learned to write the fashionable hand. The signature on the title-page of 'Carlo Magno' is written in a crabbed hand, more old English in character than Italian, but not distinctly either. It looks to me like a forgery, and the forgery of some one who did not know that there were two styles of writing in Elizabeth's time, and who attempted merely to make her write an old script.

I therefore advised that the book be sent to the British Museum for expert examination of Queen Elizabeth's signature. This was done through Mr. W. M. Voynich, and I am able to add Mr. Voynich's opinion:

"Ubaldini lived in England at the time of the publication of this book. The publisher, Wolf, was the first man to introduce the printing of Italian books into England, and at the same time published many secretly printed books, like Machiavelli, never giving his name or colophon.

"The British Museum has two petitions by Petruccio Ubaldini to Queen Elizabeth (Lansdowne, 98, v. 175, 180), written, one in 1584, the other in 1594. These documents are written in his hand and signed, and the writing is exactly similar to this dedication in your book, his *u* being specially characteristic. There cannot, therefore, be the slightest doubt but that Ubaldini has dedicated this to Leicester; on the other hand, I am afraid there can also be no doubt that the signature on the title-page is not Queen Elizabeth's. I have compared it with all the Queen's signatures preserved in the British Museum, and they are totally different. This signature is illegible, but apparently contains the name Dyke. It could be any time during the seventeenth century.

"The binding is exceedingly rare, and is one of the earliest specimens of this kind used in England. There is no such specimen in the British Museum."

It would be interesting to discover how this rarest of books found its way to a Chicago dealer. There is pasted on the inside of the front cover the bookplate of the Right Honorable Charles Bathurst. 'Foster's Peerage' records the death of the Right Honorable Charles (Bragge-) Bathurst on August 13, 1831. Was there a signature, Elizabeth R., in 'La Vita di Carlo Magno' when it belonged to the Bathurst library at Lydney Park? When and how were the Bathurst books dispersed?

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

SMITH COLLEGE, NORTHAMPTON, MASS., January 25, 1905.

'ALONZO AND MELISSA.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On December 8, 1904, I contributed to your columns a communication on a neglected American author, Isaac Mitchell, whose 'Asylum, or, Alonzo and Melissa,' in two volumes, was published in 1811. This book contained not only the story of Alonzo and Melissa, but a long episode in the style of the eighteenth-century novelists. This episode had nothing to do with the main plot, yet it occupied a large part of one of the two volumes. By omitting the episode, and by judicious condensation, the two-volume 'Asylum' was reduced to a single volume by a certain Daniel Jackson, jr. This revision of Jackson's, under the new title of 'Alonzo and Melissa, or The Unfeeling Father,' obtained an extraordinary circulation, while the 'Asylum,' its original, was not reprinted, so far as I can ascertain.

The earliest copy of Jackson's 'Alonzo and Melissa' that I had discovered was printed in 1824. Mr. Sidney S. Rider of Providence, R. I., has in his possession a copy dated 1811, the very year Mitchell's 'Asylum' appeared. In his *Book Notes* for January 14, 1905, he has published an article in which he attempts to prove that Jackson did not compile his single volume from Mitchell's work, but was the actual author of this novel. On the other hand, he states that Mitchell stole the story of 'Alonzo and Melissa' from Jackson and incorporated it in his longer work. To prove this, Mr. Rider denies my statement that 'The Asylum, or, Alonzo and Melissa,' by Mitchell, was copyrighted by title December 2, 1810. He gives the date as 1811, December 2, in order that Jackson's book, dated 1811, may precede Mitchell's 'Asylum' in date of publication. In that case, Mitchell was the plagiarist.

My authority for the date of the copyright of the 'Asylum' is the notice printed in the book stating that the title was registered for copyright the "second day of December in the thirty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States." This is December, 1810. It is worthy of notice that Jackson's 'Alonzo and Melissa' was never copyrighted, for the simple reason that the book was stolen from Mitchell's 'Asylum,' and hence no copyright could be obtained.

Concerning the date of the publication of Mitchell's 'Asylum,' I stated in my former communication that in the *New York Columbian* for October 9 and 16, the 'Asylum' is advertised as an "American Tale, Founded on Fact, by I. Mitchell." Mr. Rider, who has ventured to dispute my facts without even examining my references, remarks naïvely:

"The various newspaper notices were mere advertisements inserted by Mitchell. . . . Can a book be printed, with a copyright notice in it, before the copyright was, or is, obtained? Most certainly not. Then how could Mitchell's Asylum have been published or printed in October (1811). . . . It was a downright absurdity."

So far from being notices "inserted by Mitchell," the advertisements in the *Columbian* for October 9 and 16, 1811, were inserted by book dealers, who actually offered Mitchell's 'Asylum' for sale at 128 Broadway and 68 Vesey Street at the price of "$2.50 cents bound, or $2.00 in boards." They speak of the book as a "new novel, just received." On October 31, 1811, the New Haven Circulating Library stated that the 'Asylum' was among the new works added to its books.

As the 'Asylum' was published in Pough-

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keepsie, it may have been on sale there before October. We know that it was sold in New York October 9, 1811. Between that date and January, 1812, there was ample time for Jackson to cut down the 'Asylum' and bring it out as his 'Alonzo and Melissa,' dated 1811. Mr. Rider has characterized his own article as a piece of "extraordinary research." It is.

EDWARD B. REED.

YALE UNIVERSITY, January 26, 1905.

OLD EDITIONS FOR NEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of your readers have indeed found entertainment in Mr. G. F. Moore's communication in your issue of the 19th. But is there not a pathetic side to it? How long will the "booklovers of America" continue to support these manufacturers of "rare and limited" editions, copies issued for "private circulation only," "the World's Best" this, that, or the other? Evidently, these firms find a ready market for their wares.

Two years or more ago I called attention in your columns to the exploitation, by one of these subscription firms, of Pepys's Diary issued in nine volumes by the Macmillan Company. The firm bought a certain number of copies in sheets, inserted a few illustrations, made the nine volumes into eighteen, and sold them at an enormous price as the "only unexpurgated" edition of the Diary. The case referred to by Mr. Moore seems to be of the same class. Sir Richard Burton published 'The Book of a Thousand Nights and a Night' in ten volumes in 1885-86, and during 1887-88 six volumes of the 'Supplemental Nights.' These sixteen volumes were issued at one guinea each to subscribers, with a distinct understanding that only 1,000 sets would be printed, and there would be no reissue. Four years after Burton's death, in 1894, H. S. Nichols & Co., the London publishers who had printed the original edition for Burton, brought out a "Library Edition," edited by Leonard C. Smithers, in twelve volumes. Some of Burton's original subscribers sought to restrain the publication, on the ground that it was a breach of the agreement entered into by Burton; but the judge before whom the case was brought, decided that the twelve-volume edition was an abridgment of the original edition and could not be held to reduce the value of the latter. The edition referred to in the circular cited by Mr. Moore is probably this twelve-volume abridged edition issued in 1894. The plates in this edition were issued in a separate volume in England.

There has been a facsimile reprint of the original edition in sixteen volumes (Press of Carson-Harper Co., Denver, Col., 1900-01), issued for the Burton Society. I think the cost of this to subscribers was $90, but the price has fallen, and a set sold last year brought only $40.

Bookbuyers should look with suspicion upon these "confidential" circulars, and at least make inquiry at their Public Library before walking into the net spread out for them.—Very truly yours,

LOUIS N. WILSON.

LIBRARY, CLARK UNIVERSITY,
WORCESTER, MASS., January 24, 1905.

THE FIRST EDITION OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of White's Bunyan, on page 79 of your current issue, says that "no single copy" is known of the *princeps* of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Perhaps he would care to know that I have seen and carefully examined more than "a single copy," and that two are in Greater New York.—Yours very truly,

VICTOR H. PALTSITS.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, January 27, 1905.

Notes.

Macmillan Co.'s spring list contains, among other works not heretofore announced by us, 'A History of the United States since the Civil War,' by William Garrott Brown; 'Southern Writers,' selections in prose and verse, by Prof. William P. Trent; a 'History of the Pacific Northwest,' by Joseph Schafer, Ph.D., of the University of Oregon; Lives of the poet Bryant, by William Aspenwall Bradley, and of the historian Prescott, by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck; 'The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin,' in ten volumes, by Prof. Albert H. Smyth of the Central High School, Philadelphia; a new volume in the series "The History of American Art," edited by Prof. John C. Van Dyke, viz., 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'Character of Renaissance Architecture,' by Prof. Charles H. Moore; 'A Grammar of Greek Art,' by Prof. Percy Gardner; 'The Art of the Musician,' by Henry G. Hanchett; 'Lectures and Essays by the late Rev. Alfred Ainger'; 'A Middle-English Reader,' by Prof. Oliver F. Emerson; 'On Becoming Blind,' advice for the use of persons losing their sight, by Émile Javal; 'Tibet and Nepal,' by A. H. Savage Landor; volumes iii. and iv. of Herbert Paul's 'History of Modern England'; and 'What is History?'—five lectures on the modern science of history, by Prof. Karl Lamprecht.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'Species and Varieties, their Origin by Mutation,' by Hugo de Vries, professor of botany in the University of Amsterdam, edited by Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce for speedy publication 'Alaska and the Klondike,' by J. L. McLain; and 'Russian Literature,' by Prince Kropotkin.

To their "Makers of Canada" series Morang & Co., Toronto, will shortly add Mr. Narcisse E. Dionne's Life of Champlain.

With but two of the ultimate six volumes of the 'Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay,' edited by Austin Dobson, before us (Macmillan), we can say no more than that the edition is admirably bold in its letterpress, and is illustrated with portraits, views, and facsimiles of a high order. The final volume will contain wholly new appendices, on the matter which could not be digested in Mr. Dobson's notes.

The Oxford Shelley ('Complete Poetical Works of Shelley, including materials never before printed in any edition of the poems, edited with textual notes by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A.'), issuing from the Clarendon Press, attains its principal end and aim in setting forth an authentic, complete, and accurately printed text, a task of no little difficulty even though the editor falls heir to the labors of a long line of devoted predecessors. He follows Forman as the main guide of his discretion. Thus, he places "The Daemon of the World" at the head of the works, and relegates "Queen Mab" to the Juvenilia. In spelling, pointing, and capitalization he holds a place between Forman and Dowden. He gives, like Woodberry, the bibliographical and textual history of each poem with the poem, and includes Mrs. Shelley's invaluable notes; a few textual comments are added at the end of the volume. He follows both Forman and Dowden in preferring occasionally the less familiar and, as some will think, inferior forms of popular lyrics, such as "Love's Philosophy" and "The Indian Serenade," on the authority of manuscript variants. The new material consists exclusively of the corrections and new lines deciphered by Mr. Locock from the Bodleian MSS., and the poems of Victor and Cazire edited by Dr. Garnett.

Mr. Locock's labors on the Bodleian MSS. ('An Examination of the Shelley MSS. in the Bodleian Library, being a collation thereof with the printed texts, resulting in the publication of several long fragments hitherto unknown, and the introduction of many improved readings into "Prometheus Unbound" and other poems, by C. D. Locock, B.A.'), also printed by the Clarendon Press, form quite the most important contribution to Shelley's text since the 'Relics of Shelley,' by Dr. Garnett. He has not only perfected the text of "Prometheus Unbound" appreciably, but he has much enhanced the value of "Marenghi," "Prince Athanase," and "The Witch of Atlas," besides adding considerably to the fragments; and he attempts an interesting metrical reconstruction of the "Ode to Naples" and the poem "To Constantia." The carefulness of his work, and its elaborate and precise presentation, reach the highest standard of conscientiousness and excellence, and his familiarity with the text-history is complete; he gives Zupitza full credit for his earlier examination of the MSS.; and his results are upon such a scale of minuteness and intricacy that no editor can appropriate them. The volume itself is indispensable to students of the text of Shelley.

For a summer or two, devotees of the so-called "Lake Poets" might profitably turn their pilgrimage away from Grasmere and Winander to a corner in southwestern England, among the Quantock Hills. Here the friendship between Wordsworth and Coleridge was cemented; here their theories of poetic art were elaborated; and here the "Lyrical Ballads," the first concrete expression of those theories, were in large part suggested and composed. 'The Quantock Hills, their Combes and Villages,' by Beatrix F. Cresswell (London: The Homeland Association), though an unpretending guide through a region little known to tourists, illuminates certain early phases of "Lake Poetry" that have scant connection with lakes in the North, much with rustic types, hilly landscape, and glimpses of the sea in Somerset. Could this inviting booklet for a time divert Matthew Arnold's "pilgrims" to Rydal Mount into the road towards Nether Stowey and Alfoxden, Wordsworth would not lose, and Coleridge would gain, in general appreciation,

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The admirable illustrations, which include Wordsworth's temporary home at "Alfoxton" and Coleridge's cottage at Stowey, enhance the value of a text not free from slips, yet on the whole highly commendable. The author underestimates the number of Wordsworth's references to Quantockian scenery; her suggestions on local allusions in "The Ancient Mariner" are of value.

Quintin Hogg (1845-1902) was a manly and useful Englishman, honored as the founder and supporter of the Polytechnic Institute, formerly in Long Acre and now in Regent Street, London. A man of active habits and much travel, his constant interest was in the boys whom he rescued from slums and often sent to America. His life, written by his daughter, published by Constable & Co., and imported in a second edition by E. P. Dutton & Co., is devoted principally to this philanthropic work. His Eton schoolmate, the Duke of Argyll, contributes a preface and a "quatorzain," but the book is needlessly long, and is disfigured by numerous exclamation points. On page 88 we notice a queer story about Mr. Hogg's chief American friend, Dwight L. Moody, who in 1875 was to hold a meeting at Eton. "The authorities took alarm at the prospect; one of the clerical dignitaries at Windsor even went so far as to assert that 'the American' was only coming to preach Republican doctrines, and asked that a reinforcement of troops should be sent in readiness to defend the Castle! The dispute waxed so hot that a question was asked in the House of Lords on the subject."

Few objects easily obtainable for study with the microscope begin to compare in interest with the minute plants found in fresh water. For students and amateurs in the British Isles, Prof. G. S. West, of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, has prepared a convenient handbook on these plants—'A Treatise on the British Freshwater Algæ' (Cambridge [Eng.]: University Press; New York: Macmillan). The work has been thoroughly done throughout, and its value is greatly increased by an exhaustive index. The plates are sufficiently characteristic for most identifications, and the descriptions and keys are good.

In 'The Book of Topiary' (John Lane) Messrs. Curtis and Gibson have given an interesting account of formal pruning of trees and shrubs. The carving of graceful branches into stiff, grotesque imitations of other things, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and even other plants, belongs to those recurrent periods in urban and suburban life when nothing is satisfying except artificiality. At the present moment, when many of our newly rich do not know how to spend their money or to pass their time, the so-called Italian garden opens great possibilities for useless expenditure and empty results. On the grand scale the formal garden is a thing of dignity or of absurdity, depending upon the constructive or destructive genius of the landscape architect. On the small scale the pleached alley and the tortured yew are always ridiculous. But, whether grand or minor, the formal style has its advantage, namely, that it costs beyond reason, and therefore counts for much in our modern life. To meet these absurd demands, the authors have gone quite halfway. We imagine them to be mild practical jokers, laughing in their sleeves as they try to reconcile these tasteless forms with good taste. They know that these horrible shapes have been banished from good landscape architecture over and over again, but they know, too, that grotesqueness will now and then be demanded wherever there is money to spend.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with the suggestive paper read at the St. Louis International Congress of Arts and Sciences by Dr. H. R. Mill on the present problems of geography. These are: its definition; "the wiping off the globe the words *terra incognita*"; a map of the earth's surface, including the sub-aqueous features; a definite terminology; and an exhibition of the relations of the forms of the earth's crust to the distribution of moving things. This he hopes will succeed in determining the influence of surface forms on the mental processes, as, for instance, "the relation between the poetry or the religion of a people and their physical surroundings." Incidentally he commends the United States Government reports as furnishing "almost an ideal geographical description" of the country. A description of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, with especial reference to the geology of the region, by Mr. A. J. C. Molyneux, is illustrated by some remarkable photographs. In one is shown the ever-present rainbow, which is such a characteristic feature of the scenery that the native name for the falls, according to Dr. Livingstone, is Seongo or Chongwé, "the place of the rainbow." They doubtless believed that here "all the rainbows of the world must come to play in the sunlight, before they follow the thunderstorms across the land to bless the rain-chilled beasts and birds." Mr. Ellsworth Huntington contributes an account of the mountains of Turkestan, the result of investigations made in 1903 under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Among the distinctive characteristics of the region is the abrupt contrast of the southern and northern slopes of the hills, the one barren of vegetation, the other wonderful for the variety and beauty of the flowering plants, which are "known to the world as garden products, but here grow wild."

The most noteworthy article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number eleven, is on the basin of the Rio Juruá, a southern tributary of the upper Amazon. It gives the main results of investigations into its fauna, flora and inhabitants made by an expedition sent out by the State Museum of San Paulo. A great industrial future is prophesied for it on account of its rich rubber product. Other subjects treated are the evidences of a prehistoric ice age in the Peruvian coast mountains, the Pomeranian lakes, and the central highlands of the Chinese province of Shantung, of which a map is given.

The educational progress of China has been remarkable during the past year, through the increasing realization of the paramount need of adopting Western methods. In the capital cities of fifteen of the eighteen provinces there are provincial colleges, says the Pekin correspondent of the London *Times*, "while primary and secondary schools, mechanical schools, agricultural colleges, and police and military schools are springing up all over the Empire." This intellectual awakening is also shown by the fact that there are now one hundred and fifty-seven daily, weekly and monthly journals, which discuss public questions with growing intelligence and marked courage and independence. A few years ago there were only seven Chinese newspapers. The translations of Western literature are being more and more widely diffused, and thousands of the natives are studying the English language. There are also 1,753 Chinese students in Japan. During the past year the mail matter passing through the 1,192 post-offices increased from 49,350,000 pieces in 1903 to 72,150,000.

The status of woman in India has been advanced a step by the recent Government appointment of Miss Cornelia Sorabji as legal adviser to the Bengal Court of Wards. She is an LL.B. of Bombay University, and the first female native of India to qualify for the bar. Her appointment will enable *purdah* ladies to confer about their legal affairs with a trained lawyer of their own sex, to whom they can speak face to face without the intervention of a screen.

The Circolo Matematico of Palermo offers for the fourth International Mathematical Congress to be held in Rome in 1908 a special prize, consisting of a gold medal and 3,000 francs, for the best work showing advancement in the study of leading algebraic problems. The works may be written in Italian, French, German or English, and must be ready by September 1, 1907.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women will make its customary annual offer of a fellowship worth $500 for the year 1905-1906, with a preference in the award to women from Maryland and the South. Applications should be presented before April 12. The Secretary of the Association is Dr. Lilian Welsh, the Woman's College.

—The contributions of Andrew D. White to the *Century* have become for the present easily its most distinctive feature. His February paper is devoted exclusively to a characterization of the German Emperor, who may well be pleased to find his own cause, and that of an intelligent sympathy between the two peoples, presented to American readers by a pen so effective and so friendly. Many will feel disposed to insert a question mark after Dr. White's assumption that Germany is and must ever be essentially an armed camp, dependent for its very existence upon its military efficiency—an assumption upon which a certain apparent arbitrariness of the Emperor in military matters is explained and excused. Incidentally, the writer expresses a deep desire for three things from abroad to supplement American civilization: "from Great Britain, her administration of criminal justice; from Germany, her theatre; and from any or every European country, except Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities." All who are interested in the stage and its possible improvement and utilization as a factor of real value in social progress will find extremely suggestive reading in his paragraphs on the German theatre and the Emperor's relation to its development. Other writers present interesting descriptive matter on the Florida Everglades, color effects at Vesuvius, and the park system in process of development in Chicago. The editor takes advantage of the present confused tariff situation to put in a few vigorous strokes against the

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absurdity of the tariff on books and works of art.

—'The Great Frenchman and the Little Genevese' (Putnams) is a translation by Lady Seymour of Étienne Dumont's 'Souvenir sur Mirabeau.' This celebrated book, of which both Carlyle and Macaulay have written, now appears in English for the first time, although its author died in 1829 and the date of publication was 1832. Lady Seymour has borrowed from Carlyle the phrase which forms her title, but we cannot think that she has done well to emphasize in this way the mistaken idea that Dumont was a French Boswell. She herself, as one can see from the preface, does not underrate the talents of her author or the excellence of his character. Dumont was beyond question an acute, disinterested and lovable man, whose qualities have received very scant appreciation from Carlyle. Mirabeau was a genius, and Dumont, his friend, had no intention to belittle him, but it was part of the orator's gift that he could assimilate ideas rapidly and get other people to work for him. According to Carlyle, Dumont's book created the impression "that in fact this enormous Mirabeau, the sound of whom went forth to all lands, was no other than an enormous trumpet or coach horn of Japanned tin, through which the dexterous little M. Dumont was blowing all the time and making the noise!" This passage is absurdly unjust to the biographer. Dumont, in the early part of his life, contributed his services to Mirabeau as unselfishly as he contributed them at a later time to Bentham. There are few examples in literature of an equal unselfishness, when we consider the real talent of the man who consented to make himself the interpreter of others. Macaulay well knew the impression left by Dumont upon the leaders of the Whig party in England, and was really paying a tribute to the judgment of Fox and Sir Samuel Romilly when he wrote: "M. Dumont was one of those persons the care of whose fame belongs in a special manner to mankind, for he was one of those persons who have, for the sake of mankind, neglected the care of their own fame. . . . With every right to the head of the board, he took the lowest room, and well deserved to be greeted with, 'Friend, go up higher.'" Regarding Mirabeau we need say nothing, and of this memoir we shall only observe that it is among the indispensable narratives of the early Revolution. Lady Seymour has included practically the whole of the text in her translation, the only omissions being part of an unrevised chapter and the conclusion of the work, which deals wholly with the affairs of Geneva. Dumont's own portrait, as given here, is most interesting, but a much better likeness of Mirabeau might have been found in the portrait belonging to Bowdoin College.

—Professor Jebb's edition of Sophocles is so famous both for scholarship and for style that every one will welcome the appearance as a separate and handy volume of the English translation—'The Tragedies of Sophocles,' rendered into English prose by Sir R. C. Jebb (Macmillan). What Butcher and Lang have done for Homer, Sir Richard Jebb has done for Sophocles. Like them he has felt that modern English is an inadequate clothing for the thoughts of a Greek poet, and the sonorous ring of his prose takes us back to the days of the Authorized Version. The finest piece of translation out of the seven is that of the "Trachiniæ"; the easiest to read is that of the "Philoctetes." In the others the average reader will regret that no notes are supplied, as he will meet with many obscure allusions, hard to unravel. With the aid of a classical dictionary he can ascertain the stories of Phineus, Megareus, Telamon, Myrtilus, and the like, though he may wish that the trouble had been spared him. But he will need a knowledge of the original to understand the play upon words connecting Thebes with Bacchus, Ajax with mourning, and Eurysaces with a shield; the epithets of Morian as applied to Zeus, and Apian to the Peloponnesus; the references to legends about the narcissus and the olive; and the full meaning of the Διὸς Ὅρκος, or of the ἄγος involved in neglecting burial rites. He will furthermore find that, from very conciseness, the dialogue is sometimes ambiguous, while its occasional lapses into blank verse will annoy his ear. Still, when, in addition to the high level of the whole, we consider the heights reached by such passages as Antigone's defence, the lamentations of Electra, the farewell of Ajax, or the description of the blind king's end, we shall feel that, in translating these masterpieces of the Greek language, Professor Jebb has come near giving us another in our own.

—At last we have an English translation of the 'Nibelungenlied' which is in every way worthy of the original. Its author, Prof. G. H. Needler of University College, Toronto, is to be congratulated upon the success of his painstaking, conscientious, and well-directed work, and the publishers (Henry Holt & Co.) deserve thanks for the handsome and appropriate setting which they have given to it. What distinguishes this translation of the great German epic from all previous attempts is, in the first place, the faithful and happy reproduction of its metrical form. Even Lettsom, perhaps the most successful of Professor Needler's forerunners, omits in most cases the rhyming of the cæsura as well as that most characteristic feature of the Nibelungen strophe, the extra stress of the fourth line—a feature which, as Professor Needler well observes, contributes not a little to the avoidance of monotony in a poem of over two thousand strophes. What the effect of this close adherence to the metrical form of the original is, may be gathered from a comparison of the first stanzas in the two versions mentioned. Lettsom's translation reads:

"In stories of our fathers high marvels we are told
Of champions well approved in perils manifold.
Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,
And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale."

Needler has:

"To us in olden story, are wonders many told
Of heroes rich in glory, of trials manifold;
Of joy and festive greeting, of weeping and of woe,
Of keenest warriors meeting, shall ye now many a wonder know,"

thus rendering the original with almost complete exactness in verbal expression, in metrical form, and in poetic sentiment; and it can truly be said that this is a good specimen of his work throughout the thirty-nine adventures of the poem. That the translation reads very smoothly could hardly be maintained; and it must be admitted that it has a good many lines which could not give pleasure to an Anglo-Saxon ear. But the same holds good of the original, and it is praiseworthy to have reproduced it without attempting to gloss over its ruggedness and occasional awkwardness. To this truly commendable translation Professor Needler has added a succinct but adequate introduction on the origin of the Nibelungen saga, on its northern form, on the mythical and historical elements of the 'Nibelungenlied,' on the literary character of the 'Nibelungenlied,' and on modern versions of the saga—altogether the best summary of the whole subject to be found in English. How free the author is from uncritical hero-worship, may be seen from this unconventional observation on the literary value of Wagner's Nibelungen tetralogy: "Only the pious loyalty of national sentiment can assign a high place in dramatic literature to Wagner's work, with its intended imitation of the alliterative form of verse; while his philosophizing gods and goddesses are also but decadent modern representatives of their rugged heathen originals."

—A valuable pamphlet has recently been issued from the Manila Central Observatory, under the direction of the Rev. Father José Algué, S.J., Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, by his assistant, the Rev. Miguel Saderra Mata, S.J. It is printed in both English and Spanish, and contains data for the month of July upon atmospheric pressure, rainfall, relative humidity, winds, magnetic disturbances, earthquakes (including microseismic movements), and crop-service reports from four districts and about twenty-five towns, among them Cebu, Iloilo, Zamboanga, Jolo, and Arayat. The strictly meteorological data — barometer, temperature, humidity, wind, and rainfall — are obtained at the Central Observatory in Manila from hourly observations, and at sixteen other stations from six daily observations. The results are worth considerable attention, especially as compared with July of 1903, showing that the barometric values for 1904 are higher than for the previous year, an advantage given by winds and rainfall. The explanation may be traced from a study of the table and chart of rains, the total amount being most abundant in western and central Luzon, but rather small in the rest of the Archipelago. From the 11th to the 15th the rainfall may be classified as an extraordinary phenomenon, extending from San Fernando to Corregidor. The floods at Manila are graphically illustrated by three plates showing (1) the inundation as seen from the Observatory tower, (2) the Escolta (in the chief shopping district) under water, and (3) near the Quiapo market. The quantity of rain collected in the gauges from 8 A. M. on the 12th to 11 A. M. on the 13th was greater than that registered by the pluviometers of the Observatory in an equal time since its foundation in 1865. It was certainly a "torrential precipitation," 17.19 inches being recorded. Warnings of low pressure, the approach of typhoon centres, are telegraphed to the China coast, and many interesting notes of the fitful, irregular motions of these tropical disturbances are made, valuable in themselves, and of much advantage to navigators in these uncertain waters.

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Temperatures in Luzon went up from the first to the last decade of the month; in Cebu and certain other regions the second decade was the hottest, while again in different districts there was a decrease from beginning to end. Fifteen places, including Legaspi, Dagupan, and Gubat, felt earthquakes during July, of more or less force, but none of especially destructive character.

BISHOP CREIGHTON.

Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, sometime Bishop of London. By his Wife. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

Among the numerous signs of vitality in the Church of England at the present day, not the least significant is the development of strength and individuality of character among those filling high positions in her hierarchy. Half a century ago the main qualification for ecclesiastical promotion almost seemed to be a blameless mediocrity, dignified in some instances by exceptional erudition or piety, but, with much to command respect, nothing that could excite enthusiasm. But latterly, notwithstanding the necessary existence of restraints unknown in other professions, it may be doubted whether any profession has displayed more remarkable or more varied instances of individuality of character. Tait, Benson, Temple, Thomson, Wilberforce, Magee, Stubbs, Lightfoot, Westcott, Fraser, have each and all revealed qualities which would in any station of life have discriminated them from the mass of men, and, evoking strong antipathy as well as warm sympathy, have shown that inoffensiveness is no longer an indispensable qualification for a bishop. As their appointments, though made by the Crown, have almost always been ratified by public opinion, it is clear that the popular standard of episcopal efficiency has risen, and that the Church has found herself able to respond.

None of the eminent ecclesiastics we have named, however, has possessed a character so original, and so little in harmony with conventional ideas of the mental constitution befitting a bishop, as Mandell Creighton, late Bishop of London. The originality of the others is mainly development in some particular direction, while the rest of the character remains nearer the average level. Attention is at once attracted by the energy and impressiveness of a Temple, the impulsiveness of a Benson, the spirituality of a Westcott, the enthusiasm for humanity of a Fraser. But Creighton was all originality; neither in public nor in private life did he seem like the men around him, while it is extremely difficult to put the secret of his originality into words. His widow and biographer, whose knowledge of him was more intimate than any other person's, has not, although a lady of distinguished literary ability, succeeded in presenting an entirely coherent and harmonious portrait. "There was always," says a biographer, "something mysterious about Archbishop Blackburne," and in like manner Bishop Creighton will remain something of an enigma; not as regards the excellence of his character or the purity of his aims, but from the difficulty of harmonizing his versatile nature with the general conception of an Anglican prelate. This will appear if the question is asked, Would the same difficulty have been felt if he had exercised any other profession, had he been a lawyer, a diplomatist, an author? Decidedly not, we think, to anything like the same degree. He was, it seems to us, a new type of prelate, and yet an old one, a reversion to the ancient type of statesmen ecclesiastics almost extinct since the Restoration. Many rulers of the Church in our day, especially Archbishop Tait and the present primate, have shown statesmanlike qualities, but these have been developed out of the necessities of their position. In Creighton we have the stratum of statesmanship at the bottom, and the strata ecclesiastical superimposed. He was eminent as an historian, he was eminent as a bishop, but the distinctive note, both of his history and his episcopate, is their association with the primary instincts of a statesman, while at the same time he was so much else that his character refuses to be reduced to a formula or brought to a focus.

The extent to which statesmanship yielded the keynote alike to Bishop Creighton's literary and his ecclesiastical character, is visible in the two episodes of his career by which his name will be chiefly preserved —the composition of his history of the Latin Church in the Reformation period, and his discharge of the laborious and thankless office of governing the diocese of London. It was not, perhaps, altogether detrimental to his reputation that his history should have remained a noble torso. The last chapters, describing the outburst of the Reformation in Germany, are the least successful—partly, no doubt, from the interference of conflicting cares and duties, but mainly from imperfect sympathy with grand rough characters like Luther, and the tumultuous energies of popular movements. Where Carlyle would have been strong, Creighton is weak; but where Ranke would have been strong, he is even stronger. He is essentially an historian of the cabinet, and delineated the transactions of history as they appeared at the time to those who had the management of them. The period from the great schism of 1378 to the unchaining of popular forces by Luther in 1517 is an age of statesmen, of politic and unscrupulous rulers, civil and ecclesiastical, not compelled as now to defer to public opinion, and unconscious of the revolution which they were aiding to prepare. With this class of personage Creighton was in full sympathy; his statesmanlike instincts enabled him to comprehend the position of the ruler or diplomat enveloped in meshes of intrigue, partly of his own spinning; and the characters which would have baffled the ordinary historian appear in Creighton's pages full of reality and life. The censure which he himself, jaded by toil, passed upon his own book by terming it dull, is entirely undeserved; notwithstanding the sobriety of the style and the absence of stirring narrative and picturesque description, large portions may be justly described as fascinating, and the secret of the charm is that we feel ourselves throughout in the hands of an expert, as thoroughly at home with policy as a great military historian is at home with war. Although, however, the complexion of the narrative is of necessity mainly political, we are never suffered to forget that the Reformation is the theme, and the busy scene unfolded to us is really significant as the precursor of a mighty revolution. Creighton's impartiality is proverbial, and is sufficiently attested by his general agreement with Pastor, the Roman Catholic historian of the same period, whose work, nevertheless, indicates the great disadvantage at which such an historian finds himself in comparison with his Protestant fellow-laborer. Creighton's impartiality is easy, natural, ungrudging, a thing of course. Pastor's is gained only at the expense of a conflict with prepossession and ecclesiastical tradition, and is displayed with a curious mixture of ostentation and misgiving, as though it were something to be made the most of while one has got it, seeing that it is only held by sufferance of the Pope.

Creighton's gifts as a statesman must not lead to the inference that he was a man of a cold and reserved temperament. On the contrary, his was an exuberant nature, full of humor, playfulness, and kindly sympathy with mankind in every phase of existence. It is partly this alliance of seemingly contradictory qualities that makes him difficult to apprehend. Dull men could make nothing of him, and even insight and sympathy may be able to agree only in recognizing that, whatever he was, he was unlike the rest of his order. A longer continuance in a situation of such painful publicity as the bishopric of London would have enlightened the world. Like his History, his episcopate was a great torso; but whereas the portion of his historical narrative most congenial to his peculiar talent, coming first in order of time, was fully executed, his trying but successful episcopate would have proved the prelude of greater things. His administration of his former diocese of Peterborough had been most satisfactory, but Peterborough was not a severe test, and the problem of ruling a vast diocese like London, already in a state of confusion from his predecessor's laxity in matters of ritual, largely leavened with half-hostile and more than half-distrustful clergy, and agitated by demands on the part of the laity for a more strenuous repression of illegal practices than he thought prudent under the circumstances, was one to test the most sagacious administrator, and especially one who could never avail himself of the ordinary episcopal resource of decorous conventionality. No one, he said of himself, did fewer imprudent things, or uttered more. Near the beginning of his episcopate, the persistent worrying of a bore stung him into a hasty dictum which he was unable to sustain, and he never quite got over the distrust thus occasioned. On the whole, however, his record is one of steady progress in winning not only the confidence but the affection of all parties, who were coming to see more and more that the mainspring of his conduct was the statesman's, a patriotic attachment to the Church of England as the national Church, and that he made light of niceties of creed and ritual in comparison with her well-being. This feeling found no echo among a large proportion of his clergy, but it endeared him to the laity; and had he lived, the next vacancy at Canterbury would almost certainly have installed him there, where he would have left a reputation probably enviable, certainly unique.

Previously to his appointment to Peterborough (in 1891), Creighton's life had been

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that of a Northumberland vicar, a canon at Worcester, and a Cambridge professor of ecclesiastical history. He had shrunk from any effort to impress himself upon patrons or the public, yet was continually finding his level among the leading Churchmen of the age, and promotion seemed to come to him in the course of nature. The accident of his Northumberland locality made him the intimate friend of the noble house of Grey, and his first book was a privately printed memoir of Sir George Grey, the retired Home Secretary, and by no means to be confounded with the Governor of New Zealand. His closest friends of great literary distinction were J. R. Green and his wife, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mr. Robert Bridges; but he became almost of necessity intimate with historians and students of history like Lord Acton, Bryce, Hodgkin, Stubbs, Horatio Brown. Though interested in art, he does not appear to have had a large acquaintance among artists, and science did not appeal to him. He was devoted to travel, and one of the chief sources of the influence he came to wield was the thorough acquaintance he gained with both foreign countries and English parochial life by his long pedestrian rambles. His personal visits to Continental archives also were of great service to him as an historian. He does not seem to have at any time come under any dominating influence from any contemporary thinker or teacher; his attitude towards all schools of thought was one of detachment. Many famous writers failed to impress him; and, if he had a spiritual guide, it was no contemporary, but Dante, whom he had the courage to prefer to Shakspere. "Shakspere was the greater man, as being more universal, but Dante has more charm for me as being more intense"—a judgment which would have seemed natural in Cardinal Newman, but is surprising in one of Creighton's interest in every phase of human life. Poetry, however, though he admired Browning and translated the Italian poets with dignity and grace, seems to have constituted but a minor portion of his mental equipment. History, in its widest sense, especially including the history of literature and education, was his main educator, and everything, from architecture to seal-engraving, interested him that was capable of being employed in the historian's service. With this hold on the concrete, it is not surprising that he should have slighted abstractions, and have protested against the rules of grammar taught by rote. His estimates of men and matters were in general very sound. He returned from America with a feeling of hopefulness; he thought the Italians, with their practical common sense, intellectually nearer to the English than either the French or the Germans; the picturesqueness of the Southern Slavs did not blind him to the inconveniences of their political situation.

Mrs. Creighton's biography is a model of sound literary judgment, particularly in its accurate proportion. Every moral or intellectual characteristic of the Bishop, as every episode of his life, receives notice in the strict ratio of its importance. She has also displayed tact, and, no doubt, self-denial, in her general reticence and avoidance of the direct panegyric which might frequently have well become a biographer less deeply interested in the subject. The slight impression of coldness thus resulting is removed at the end of the work by a chapter of "Characteristics and Sayings," chiefly made up from the communications of intimate friends who have felt under less restraint, and whose retrospection materially aids to complete the portrait of one whose dissimilarity from ordinary types almost ranks him with the "problematic natures" so dear to Goethe, but whose wisdom, scholarship, devotion to Church and State, and genuine goodness of heart are no problem.

A NEW CO-OPERATIVE HISTORY.

The American Nation: A History. From original sources by associated scholars. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, advised by various Historical Societies. Group I. Foundations of the Nation. Vol. 1. *European Background of American History*, 1300-1600. By Edward P. Cheyney. Pp. xxviii., 343. Vol. 2. *Basis of American History*, 1500-1900. By Livingston Farrand. Pp. xviii., 303. Vol. 3. *Spain in America*, 1450-1580. By Edward G. Bourne. Pp. xx., 350. Vol. 4. *England in America*, 1580-1652. By Lyon G. Tyler. Pp. xvii., 355. Vol. 5. *Colonial Self-Government*, 1652-1689. By Charles M. Andrews. Pp. xviii., 269. Harpers. 1904.

Of making "series" on American history there is, apparently, no end; indeed, it is doubtful whether we have as yet anything more than the beginning of such undertakings. Whatever the motive—whether the desire of scholars to combine for the achievement of a task admittedly beyond the powers of any but the ablest of them, or of the public to have their history elaborately set forth, or of publishers to launch subscription books on a large scale—the co-operative history is upon us. We are not of those who regard such enterprises as unimportant. Where the mass of material has grown so portentously as it has in the American field in recent years, and where the subject lends itself naturally to subdivision, the method has advantages not to be ignored. A coöperative history can never hope, of course, to attain the scientific unity or literary distinction of a work which flows from a single mind and pen, but it can attain a balance and an accuracy even more sure than the work of most individual writers is likely to possess; and, in the writing of history, accuracy and balance are qualities of high importance.

The series which Professor Hart has undertaken to edit, and of which five volumes have lately appeared, may justly be regarded as the most notable attempt, in the character of its associated authorship and the carefulness of its arrangement, yet made to deal with American history on the co-operative plan. The idea of the work, as set forth in the brief editorial preface, contemplates a history which will meet the need for "an intelligent summarizing of the present knowledge of American history by trained specialists," and at the same time supply "a complete work, written in untechnical style, which shall serve for the instruction and the entertainment of the general reader." Such a work must, of course, be based on "original materials," though presenting the results rather than the processes of scholarship. The successive volumes, taken together, must form a continuous narrative, without either disjointedness or overlapping, and must deal not only with political and constitutional history, but also with economic and social matters, industrial development and organization, and international relations. In other words, Professor Hart, while not eschewing such original contribution to the subject as is possible under the circumstances, has primarily asked his collaborators to tell to intelligent laymen the story of American history as the scholar would wish it told.

The five volumes now published may presumably be taken as sufficient indication of the way in which the plan of the editor is to be carried out. The volumes are of moderate size—about seventy-five thousand words each—divided into about twenty chapters. The topical subdivision is, therefore, somewhat minute. For all important statements there are substantiating references to authorities in footnotes, while a final chapter indicates the bibliographical material, both printed and manuscript. There are no illustrations save a portrait frontispiece to each volume, but there is good provision of maps, some in colors, others in black and white, and most of them prepared especially for this series. Each volume is separately indexed. Brief prefaces by the editor summarize the leading topics treated in the several volumes, and point out the significance of the period in the general scheme of the work. The mechanical execution is excellent throughout.

To speak briefly of the several volumes: Professor Cheyney's 'European Background of American History' is a novel attempt to point out the characteristics of European civilization which most affected American exploration and colonization. Beginning with an account of mediæval commerce, especially between Europe and the East, and the effect of the Turkish conquests in forcing a search for a water route to Asia after the land-routes had been practically closed, Professor Cheyney passes to the early connection of the Italian cities and Portugal with map-making and geographical study and exploration, and to the political and commercial systems of Spain, France, and Holland in the sixteenth century. Then follow two chapters on the system of chartered commercial companies, of which the Virginia Company, the Dutch West India Company, and the Company of New France were notable types. A list of seventy such companies (pp. 137-139) organized before 1700 shows how widely the system prevailed; Spain alone, which kept the control of its colonies in its own hands, being unrepresented. The list is incomplete, a number of French companies given in Chailley-Bert's 'Compagnies de Colonisation' not appearing in Professor Cheyney's enumeration. Four chapters are given to the Protestant Reformation and the religious wars on the Continent, and the rise of Episcopacy and the dissenting sects in England, and four to English political institutions, central and local. The difficulties of selection from a large mass of relevant facts have been, on the whole, well met; and while the volume has necessarily a "scrappy" character, it should prove very useful to all who wish to see, not only what were the European conditions in which American exploration and colonization developed, but as well the reasons for the course it took and for the failures and successes of the nations which engaged in it.

Professor Farrand's 'Basis of American

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History' deals with the physical conditions of colonization, as represented by the physical characteristics of the Continent and the native races encountered by Europeans. The general physiography of North America is briefly described, together with the timber and agricultural products and animal life. Of special interest is the chapter on waterways, portages, trails, and mountain passes—ancient avenues of communication with which the whites early became familiar, but whose influence in determining the course of settlement has been commonly overlooked. The larger part of the volume, however, is devoted to the native races, a subject on which Professor Farrand is entitled to speak as an authority. With less wealth of detail than is found in Dr. Cyrus Thomas's corresponding volume in Lee's 'History of North America,' and without attempting to write a history of the Indian tribes in their relations with the whites, Professor Farrand summarizes with studied brevity the results of scientific inquiry, and on controverted points (such as that of the antiquity of man in America) announces conservative conclusions. Much that is said about the various geographic groups of Indians has, of course, no particular historical bearing save in very recent times. We could wish, too, that the chapter on the manners, customs, and beliefs of the Indians had been expanded. The bibliographical chapter is a comprehensive survey of the literature, particularly the recent monographic studies.

With Professor Bourne's volume on 'Spain in America' we reach the period of exploration and colonization. Both as a compendium of facts and as an original contribution to historical writing, this volume must be given high praise. The discussions of Columbus and his work, of the demarcation line of Alexander VI., of the voyages of the Cabots, and of the naming of America are luminous. To quote Professor Bourne's own summary:

"The four discoverers—Columbus, John Cabot, Sebastian Cabot, and Amerigo Vespucci—have fared variously at the hands of modern historical criticism. John Cabot has been raised from almost complete obscurity to become a prominent but still shadowy figure. Sebastian Cabot has been pulled down from the lofty pedestal which he apparently erected for himself, his veracity is impugned, his scientific attainments disputed, and his lack of filial piety exposed to a glaring light. Around Vespucci the storms of controversy have raged for three centuries and a half, and he has suffered from them like Sebastian Cabot. His claims for himself have not stood the test. While he has been cleared of complicity in having his name attached to the New World, it is generally accepted that he antedated his first voyage to secure a distinction which did not belong to him, and that his narratives unduly exalt himself at the expense of others equally entitled to honor. The position of Columbus alone has not been materially affected by the modern scrutiny into his career. Opinion has differed about his character, but the record of his achievement has been unshaken, and the estimate of its significance has risen rather than fallen" (p. 103).

Even more important than the discussion of geographical questions is the account of the Spanish colonial system, and of social and political life in Spanish America. Students of American history have largely forgotten, if, indeed, many of them ever knew, the structure of civilization and intellectual culture which was built up in the Spanish-American colonies in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as evidenced by the building of cities and towns, the construction of roads and bridges, and the founding of missions and schools. Even the treatment of the Indians, severe and disastrous as it was at times, loses some of its darkest colors the more it is studied. Professor Bourne clearly exposes, however, the fatal defects of the Spanish colonial system—its policy of commercial restriction and denial of self-government—though in neither of these respects was the policy of Spain materially different in principle from that which for a time struggled to assert itself in the colonies of England and France.

More qualified praise must be accorded to President Tyler's account of 'England in America.' The book is an orderly, instructive, and agreeably written narrative of the beginnings of the English settlements, but the general impression which it makes is slight. Neither in fact nor in presentation does it offer anything new, while at times it hardly rises to the importance of the topic in hand. We cannot think, in particular, that the author shows any adequate appreciation of the significance of the religious motive in New England, or of the political or social principles involved in the struggles of the settlements about Narragansett Bay. Perhaps it is true, as Professor Hart says in his introduction, that the fathers of the Puritan republics are here "further relieved of the halo which generations of venerating descendants have bestowed upon them, and appear as human characters," but we are clearly of opinion that President Tyler has not caused them to appear as just the sort of human characters they really were. Of Virginia and Maryland the treatment is somewhat more satisfactory, though here again the discussion does not go much below the surface of events. The book is, in short, a useful summary, but it can hardly be called a contribution of marked importance.

Professor Andrews's volume on 'Colonial Self-Government,' on the other hand, rivals that of Professor Bourne in its substantial additions to available knowledge. The period is a peculiarly interesting one, and Professor Andrews is one of the few writers who give evidence of any thorough knowledge of it. His account of the English colonial administration, for example, is superior to any brief account with which we are acquainted. There is new light on the charter struggle in New England, especially as regards the attacks on the Massachusetts charter; on the commercial reasons for the English conquest of New Netherland; and on the founding of Pennsylvania. Nothing can make the early history of New Jersey interesting, but Professor Andrews has at least cleared the story of much of its entanglement. Best of all is the rehabilitation of Andros, than whom no official of the old régime, with the exception of Hutchinson, has suffered more at the hands of New England historians. Professor Andrews, apparently alone of all the writers in this group of volumes, has made extended use of manuscript as well as printed material, and the results are shown in a general freshness of presentation as well as in the correction of numerous details.

Taking the five volumes as a whole, the general verdict must be one of cordial approval. All the writers have succeeded in attaining brevity and compactness without falling into an elementary style, while the volumes of Professor Bourne and Professor Andrews must be given high rank as substantive contributions in their respective fields. The literary form, though in no case striking, is meritorious and of fairly even quality. If the remaining volumes maintain the general level of those now published, the "American Nation" will justly earn a place among the most successful examples of historical writing on the coöperative plan, as well as among the works which laymen and specialists alike will think it necessary to read.

RECENT FICTION.

Doctor Luke of The Labrador. By Norman Duncan. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Whosoever Shall Offend. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co.

Christmas Eve on Lonesome, and Other Stories. By John Fox, jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Heart of Happy Hollow. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Duncan's pen has voyaged northward since his very striking sketches of the Newfoundland coast. But, if the latitude is higher, the story has warmly expanded, and, as befits the scope of a novel, gives not only the cruel, but the endearing side of the sea. His characters were always kindly, and now he has amplified and multiplied them into his larger canvas till there is a group of figures of excellent variety and of the best sort of originality, self-stamped as made up of discovery and sympathetic interpretation. Should the rest of the book be forgotten, which it will not be, Skipper Tommy Lovejoy is destined to immortality. The Doctor is very human and very well defined; a ministering hero, but quite removed from the usual sugar-pellet doctor of fiction. Davy, who tells the story, would perhaps be a little incredible if it were not that Mr. Duncan engenders faith in his own descriptions. Almost any amount of sentiment and maturity even in a small boy may be believed in after it has been shown that he has been reared under the lonely outward conditions of a cold seacoast and in tenderest intimacy with an adoring, mystical mother. The faith-compelling power is one of the distinguished traits of the book. All a-shiver with the harshness of the life depicted, the reader is yet kept aglow with the love of the Labrador folk for their land. The story is perfectly fitted into the strange, wild surroundings; the adventures are of the most stirring and dramatic; the home side of the picture most tender; while the humorous, it seems, flourishes apace in the Labrador alongside of the rough, the gaunt, the superstitious, the grimly pious. Mr. Duncan dips his pen in word witchery—sometimes, it may be, a little too deep. It is a good sign that, since his 'Way of the Sea,' his language has grown less spumy, and less suggestive of rebellious vichy siphons. His epithets are here kept well under control, and are naturally the stronger for it. Nor is his poetic tendency ever misplaced. The blemish lies rather in his artificialities, reminiscent of Stevenson, Bullen, Robinson Crusoe, John Gilpin, Weyman, and the Book of Acts. These are mainly good models, truly, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Duncan will forget them all and speak for himself in words as beautifully Anglo-Saxon as he now uses

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and forego preciousness of phrasing. Yet, should he decide otherwise, we can continue to be grateful for his rich responsiveness to nature and humanity, and his great-hearted, boundless horizon. It only remains to say that a few charming photographs and a little map complete the comfort of the reader.

In Mr. Crawford's novel is much of Mr. Crawford's special material—his Rome, his Campagna, his Italian seashore; furthermore, his Italian peasantry, assassins, ladies of limited vision, shady characters, and *ingénus* of both sexes. Of murders and almost-murders, there are many of varying intensity; the earlier ones, well-bred, thrillless, painless to victim and reader; the later specimens quite in the melodramatic manner, horrid enough to satisfy any sensation-seeker. It is characteristic of the author's measured style that his murderers talk fluently of their crimes before striking. We can almost understand Settimia's cry to her assassin, "Do it quickly!" In the case of Regina, it is to be supposed that Mr. Crawford knows the hill-peasant thoroughly; therefore, it must be true that a woman bent on extracting information, and resolved to kill as a last resort, would talk in unmoved, didactic calm to her proposed and helpless victim. In truth, all the persons speak an impeccable Crawfordese, except the peasant men, who reveal unmistakably the writer's intimacy of understanding, and spring at once into the reader's belief. The story of Regina's devotion to her lover is one of a loyalty well-nigh incredible. Corbario's offence against his young stepson includes not only encouragement to evil ways, but attempted murder, which failing, it is hard to understand why he should have hesitated at another form of taking off speedier than the slow one of ruining his constitution by dissipation. The use of physical weapons for Marcello's destruction takes away from the deadly force of the moral ones to which the name of the story calls explicit attention. It is perhaps more detestable to pervert a boy than to sandbag him, but to do both not only is waste of deviltry, but divides reprobation and spoils a good title. The story is ingenious, the sketches of scenery and peasantry admirable, the comments by the way philosophic and thoughtful; the English, of course, of the best-regulated. The reader for the most part, however, remains outside.

For any one who has not had enough of the "Jay-Hawkers of Kaintuck" and the Virginians of Cumberland Gap, with their warfare, feuds, pistols, and whiskey, there is excellent provision in Mr. Fox's little book of stories. The one that furnishes the title is a grim bit of pathos: "The Army of the Callahan," an amusing sketch of bouffe militarism; and "Christmas Night with Satan," a very good and doggy little dog-story. The three that remain are deafening with shots, and sickening or tiresome with vengeance.

"Wherever negroes colonize in the cities or villages, North or South, wherever the hod-carrier, the porter, and the waiter are the society men of the town, . . . wherever . . . the spirit of labor and laziness shake hands, there—there—is Happy Hollow." Thus runs in part Mr. Dunbar's Foreword to his volume of sketches. As we read them, we are struck with the fact that to be civilized is to lose picturesqueness. The negro grown away from slavery becomes a man in the street like other men, a part of the industrial machine, no longer a decorative feature, a lyrical refrain or a national episode. To the old "plantation darkey" succeeds the political boss; to the shouting parson, the diplomatic preacher of a city congregation; to the doting mammy, the thrifty, saving laundress, or the richly pensioned widow. Mr. Dunbar has a picturesque way of showing the lapse from picturesqueness. He does it without failing to infuse humor into his less humorous theme, and without wholly eliminating the pathetic element to which striving and jobbery are well-nigh fatal. Very few of the flowers of rhetoric survive; he is too true an artist to describe sociology in terms of botany. His sense of culmination, moreover, is unerring. Therefore, not all unpicturesque are his tales of the promoter, the "tout," the jockey, however reluctantly we may see our friends of the plantation promoted into vulgarities which literature hitherto has associated with the white race. The book, ably illustrated by E. W. Kemble, and beautifully made, shows several discreditable lapses in proof-reading.

The Russo-Japanese Conflict: Its Causes and Issues. By K. Asakawa. With an introduction by Frederick Wells Williams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

With Dr. Asakawa our readers have already made acquaintance. His newest book, to use his own words, is "an attempt to present in a verifiable form some of the issues and the historical causes of the war now waged between Russia and Japan." It is a statement, as Professor Williams, in his introduction, very justly says, remarkable for both its brevity and its restraint. In a small volume of less than four hundred pages (all his statements are fully fortified by authorities), he has given an account not only of the economic conditions which underlie the quarrel, but of the diplomatic negotiations which preceded and the national and international tendencies which caused the conflict; such historical facts are added as are necessary to enable the reader to understand the whole. The book is so dispassionately written that the nationality of the author, if not disclosed, would hardly have been guessed.

We shall not here undertake to review Dr. Asakawa's analysis of the causes which led to the war; in the main, it corresponds with the opinion formed generally by the reading public in this country when the war broke out. To any one who has not made up his mind, the book may be recommended as containing most of the evidence bearing on the question at issue, fairly and very concisely presented. If the Russian Government has a case which meets it, all we can say is that we do not know what it is, and that it is a thousand pities for Russia that it has not been stated. Was there a good reason for breaking her promises, made in the forum of the world, as to the evacuation of Mantchuria? If so, we do not know it. Is there any doubt that, economically, the conflict between Japan and Russia grows out of the determination of Russia to close Mantchuria and Korea to the world, and of Japan that they shall not be closed? We know of none. Finally, if war is to be justified (and it generally has to be so justified, if at all) as a violent and lamentable form of international justice, what answer has ever been made to the claim of Japan that she is entitled as a belligerent and sovereign State to have the enormous injustice dealt out to her by Russia at the close of her war with China redressed?

It is, of course, impossible to prove that the war might not have been avoided by Japan. Even after reading this able statement of the Japanese case, it may still be contended—and such, we take it, is the Russian contention—that Japan has no better standing on the continent of Asia than Russia; that both Japan and Russia are aggressors; and that there is no ethical difference in the ultimate designs of the two with reference to Korea or China. Both desire to "expand," and expansion necessarily means either conquest or absorption. Ethically speaking, Japan should aim only at preserving her own integrity, and the moment she enters upon a continental struggle with Russia, she is *in pari delicto*. Consequently, she should have either yielded to the encroachments of Russia in Mantchuria and Korea and adhered to a policy of internal development, or, at any rate, not have attempted to justify her stand on moral grounds.

But it is one of the strong points of Dr. Asakawa's argument that he does not take very high moral ground. His statement of causes leading to the war is rather political than moral. At the bottom of it all is the conviction—quite justified, it seems to us, by what we know of Russia's past and by the history of the negotiations preceding the war, here given—that Japan's autonomy is ultimately at stake. This belief does not come only from the fact mentioned in the author's introductory chapter (p. 51), that the island of Tsushima, lying halfway between Korea and the Japanese coast, and from which on a clear day the coast of Japan can be seen, was not very long ago, in the days of her weakness, actually wrested from Japan by Russia, and with difficulty recovered. There are a multitude of facts, no one conclusive in itself, but which, *all* taken together, go to show that Japan must either have what the Greeks would have called the hegemony of Eastern Asia, or submit to the danger of ultimate conquest by Russia. Such, at any rate, is the feeling of men as sensible and restrained as the author of this book, and it is this feeling which makes it seem, not only to the Japanese themselves, but to the world at large, in a measure, a war of self-defence.

But, even if it were not so, there is a vast difference between a war waged for the expansion of Russia and a war waged for the expansion of Japan, in the East. To the world generally, the growth of Japan means the growth of freedom and commerce, while that of Russia means the growth of absolutism. For the East the former means a genuine renaissance of a kind long prayed for and long despaired of by every well-wisher of that oppressed division of the world.

Besides all this, the victory of Japan will be an inestimable blessing to the Western world in curing it of a long-cherished and deeply rooted illusion—that which has always prevailed on the subject of "inferior" and "yellow" races. The idea that the Caucasian, or white man, has been called by destiny to govern the rest

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of the world and therefore to "absorb" any part of the earth possessed by any other race that takes his fancy, is an idea which can be dispelled only by force. Japan has shown that "yellow" men can hold their own with white men, and sink their navies and take their fortresses, and defeat their armies in the open field. The Japanese have shown, too, that while doing this they can use the fruits of their victories with just that humanity and enlightenment and devotion to civilization of which, with our egregious vanity, we are forever arrogating to ourselves the monopoly. They have almost made a farce of the "white man's burden," and they could not have done us a better turn.

The Japanese war is the first great conflict since our civil war in which the sympathies of liberals the world over are almost altogether on one side. A feature of Dr. Asakawa's book which confirms the feeling that the "good old cause" is being defended, is precisely that restraint in tone and expression which usually marks the behavior of peoples, as of individual men, when engaged in a just quarrel, and which is so lamentably absent on the Russian side. In reading it, one goes back to other wars, and other statements of causes put forward in their defence. With the same sort of temperance Franklin laid the case of the American colonies before the world, and Lincoln stated that of the North against the South.

Storia degli Scavi di Roma, e Notizie intorno le Collezioni Romane di Antichità. Da Rodolfo Lanciani. Vol. II. (A. D. 1531-1549). Rome: Loescher.

The second volume of Lanciani's great work appears promptly in the wake of the first, and deserves as warm a welcome. As the period of the history progresses, the extant material becomes more abundant; and this second volume, instead of covering the activities of well-nigh five centuries, nominally carries the narrative forward only eighteen years. Yet in reality the lines of the story reach out much further than this, for the author has in some respects changed with this volume the plan of his work. He has combined into a single article, or chapter, all the items concerning a given building, or group of buildings, or a given collection, from the initial date of his volume (1531) up to the end of the sixteenth century, and has placed each chapter under the date of the first item that appears in it. For many important *lemmata*, then, like the Mausoleum of Augustus, the Forum, the Capitoline Museum, the period of this volume extends, not to 1549, but a full half-century further.

The effect is to heal somewhat the disjointed aspect of the work, and to make more pleasant the tracing of the fate of a given monument or area. The latter purpose would have been attained, however, to some degree by the more detailed indexes which the author has made for this volume. As it is, the one thing lost that the first volume furnished is the power of getting easily a bird's-eye view of what was going on in the city in any given year or short period of years. It may be a question which opportunity is of more value. The dilemma that of necessity confronts a book in which verbatim extracts play such an important part, is clearly to be seen. Perhaps, after the 'Storia' is finished, Comm. Lanciani will give us, upon the basis of its and his other material, a genuine history of this side of the city's life during the centuries covered by his present work. Such a book, he may be certain, would attract many readers who have perused with interest the slight sketch afforded by the last hundred pages of 'The Destruction of Ancient Rome.'

Lanciani's present volume opens with Clement VII. still on the throne, "that cowardly bastard of the degenerate house of Medici," as Gregorovius calls him, whose "pontificate was fraught with grief and ruin both to the world and to Rome." He had only three years more to live, and at his death the city might draw a sigh of relief that the chapter in her history which included the shameful sack of Rome was closed. In these last years of Clement's reign began certain operations about the Mausoleum of Augustus, which proceeded further under his successor, uncovering (and as usual also destroying) many remnants of that remarkable edifice. Some excavations seem to have taken place also on the site, or in the immediate neighborhood, of the much-enduring Basilica Æmilia. Whether the peculiar discovery mentioned by the younger Antonio da Sangallo in 1531 was indeed the corner-stone of the Basilica (or of the Temple of Janus), as Lanciani thinks, may appear doubtful to the lay mind, but the finds of the succeeding decade or so must at any rate have been of great interest and extent. It seems possible that the excavators reached even the pavement of the Basilica, though one could hardly feel justified in concluding this, as Lanciani appears to do, by connecting the recorded find of "a great number of bronze coins" with the many traces of melted and corroded coins recently found imbedded in the marble floor of the inner hall. The earlier discovery may have been a compact hoard that had nothing to do with this scattered windfall.

Paul III. (Farnese) ascended the throne at a happy moment for his reputation. His reign could hardly be other than reasonably bright, were it only by contrast with that of his immediate predecessor. The student of church history will remember him as the man who owed his early cardinalate to the passion of Alexander VI. for his beautiful sister; who reluctantly initiated the Counter-Reformation and summoned the early-throttled sessions of the Council of Trent; who established the Roman Inquisition, and whose external politics centred around the attempt to found a principality for his worthless natural son. The reader to whom a non-religious or an irreligious Pope is as good as any other, will dwell rather upon his record as a magnificent and genial prince, whose broad schemes for the embellishment of his capital resulted in the laying out of many of its finest streets as we still see them—Corso, Babuino, SS. Apostoli, and others—and in the building of magnificent edifices, among them part of St. Peter's and the finest palace of all the city of grand palaces. The student of art will recall him as the Pope under whose imperious pressure Michelangelo painted the "Last Judgment" and the frescoes of the Capella Paolina.

The topographer has reason both to mourn and to rejoice over that zeal for the Fabbrica di S. Pietro that distinguished the Farnese Pope. It brought to knowledge numerous ruins in various parts of the city, but it brought them also to destruction for the sake of building material. One of the first acts of the new pontificate was to appoint Mannetti commissary of antiquities, and to direct him in stately and studious Latin phrase to guard from all approach of possible harm a long list of classes of monuments and marbles, "and whatever else might be understood under the name of antiquities or memorials." The new broom apparently meant to sweep clean, but it was speedily thrown into the dust-heap. In 1540 the pontiff issued a brief cancelling all former licenses for excavation, and embracing the entire city and suburbs in one great area of organized destruction. Authority was given to the deputies of the Fabbrica of St. Peter's to mine and excavate at will in any or all property belonging to people or to Church, in or out of the city, for marble, travertine, columns, or any other material useful in their building projects. At the same time they alone were empowered to grant licenses for excavation on shares to private individuals or corporations. A ten years' sack of the remains of ancient Rome followed. Our space is too limited to describe in detail, or even to summarize intelligently, the thoroughness with which the reverend deputies of the basilica of the Prince of the Apostles carried out their vandal commission. With regard to the Forum, Lanciani's own statement deserves quotation:

"To this brief we owe the destruction of the monuments of the Forum valley, which, though the part projecting above the modern soil had been damaged, were yet well-nigh intact where protected by the layer of rubbish. If the ten-year campaign set on foot by Paul III. had not taken place, it is not hard to picture in what shape the Count of Tournon, who began the excavations in Napoleon's time, and we ourselves, should have found the Forum. We should have found the steps and the stylobate of the Temple of Antoninus perfect in every particular, with a boundless wealth of honorary bases, of reliefs and *acroteria* fallen from the tympanum, of cornices, and of broken statues; the remnants of the arch of Fabius at the foot of the ascent of the Sacra Via, with its historic dedications; the Temple of Cæsar perfect up to the level of the cella, upon which stood the foundations of the tower of the Inserra, torn down in 1536; the Regia, with the *fasti* yet in position; the Arch of Augustus, with its inscriptions; the Temple of Vesta, with its peristyle, levelled indeed to the ground, yet but little of it vanished; the Atrium, with the pedestals of the *Vestales maximæ* yet standing under the quadriportico; the Temple of Castor, perfect below, and buried under a mountain of columns, bases, capitals, and cornices, that sufficed to feed the Farnese lime-kilns till 1550; the portico *ad Minervam*, where the imperial decrees were posted, with some of the bronze tablets yet in place; the Augusteum in the condition in which artists of the time depicted it; the statue of Vortumnus yet standing at the head of the Vicus Tuscus; and, interspersed among this noble rank of monuments, Christian memorials of the early Middle Ages, stone-cutters' shops of Carolingian times, or of the early Renaissance, lime-kilns with archæological material hardly touched by the fire, statues, reliefs, inscriptions, medals, coins in infinite number. Ten years were enough to reduce that 'nobilissimus Romæ locus' to its present state of desolation."

Nothing need be added to that pregnant picture.

Chapters of Lanciani's book of great interest to others than topographers are those on the formation of the Capitoline museums, and on the building of the Farnese

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Palace and gathering of its collections. Extensive works at Tivoli and Ostia find detailed treatment in this volume. The accounts of the setablishment of the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli within the Baths of Diocletian, and many other fruitful excavations within its limits; the removal of the equestrian statue of M. Aurelius to the square of the Capitol, where it still stands upon a pedestal carved by Michelangelo out of an immense block of marble from Trajan's Forum; the building of the great bastions of Sangallo—these and a dozen other chapters furnish most agreeable and stimulating reading.

The author occasionally displays his personal bias, as when, for example, he protests (p. 96) against the position of those who would deny the present commune of Rome the moral right to keep its own collections of antiquities apart from those of the state, and under its own exclusive control; or when (p. 219) he refers to Boni's yet uncompleted work about the Sacra Via as "the recent devastations." In this day of the investigation of Roman origins one may wonder whether the hydriæ mentioned by Marliani in connection with "ossa cadaverum" as discovered within the Porta Salaria, not far from Sallust's gardens, could have marked the primitive necropolis of the Quirinal settlement.

The Becquerel Rays and the Properties of Radium. By Hon. R. J. Strutt. London: Edward Arnold. 1904. New York: Longmans.

From the son of Lord Rayleigh one anticipates intellectual superiority—not necessarily individual force, but that superiority which comes from sitting often at table during many years with the leading physicists of Europe; and one is not disappointed in the event. The promise of his preface is only "to give as clear and simple an account of the phenomena of radioactivity as the subject admits of, without sacrificing accuracy," binding him to no more than compilation; but in generous fulfilment he gives us a most interesting discussion of all the questions that have been opened by the discernment and skill of Mme. Curie. Indeed, his only fault worth mention is that he has not realized that the majority of those who will attach a value to the volume would have been glad if, somewhere between its covers, somewhat fuller details could have been found. They are mostly quite able to read mathematics, be the motive for doing so sufficient; they would have liked references to the original papers; and they would have been glad to know that they had only to take down this book from their shelves to find, for example, the value of Mme. Curie's determination of the atomic weight of radium, and other minutiæ of that nature. It is a most interesting book, brimful of information and of thought; but it falls just a little short of the kind of perfection that an experienced bookwright would have imparted to it. The lacking matter we have spoken of might have been relegated to the appendices, of which there are three as it is, besides a direction to "see" an unembodied fourth. It will not be long before a new edition of this work is called for—or if there is not such a call it will be only because of this irrepletion. Let us hope there soon will be a second edition, and that the little conveniences we speak of will have been put in before the work is offered again to the public. Probably Mr. Strutt did not wish his volume to dispute the ground with Rutherford's 'Radioactivity.'

Beginning with an account of Crookes's exquisite experiments (for let us not forget that it was Crookes's surpassing genius that started the whole development), Mr. Strutt first treats of the cathode rays, and shows how it was a happy idea of Henri Becquerel's—albeit, most curiously, a totally mistaken one—that brought about the discovery of radioactivity. Mr. Strutt says this was a circumstance unparalleled in the history of science, and the remark (which, we doubt not, expresses not only his own impression, but that of a whole circle of the first physicists of the world) merits our attention as illustrating, in despite of Dr. Karl Pearson, what very great significance those men attach to successful prediction. The case was this: The cathode rays of Crookes's tubes produced a peculiar green phosphorescence in the glass where they struck upon it; and this led Becquerel, after Röntgen had discovered that from the outside of the glass at that point his wonderful X-rays were given off, to surmise that salts of uranium, which likewise phosphoresce with green light, might perhaps emit similar rays. To test his guess, he wrapped a photographic plate in black paper, and, having placed some uranium nitrate upon the paper, awaited results. Sure enough, after a few days, on developing the plate, he found a perfectly distinct impression of the crystals pictured there. Now the thing that Mr. Strutt, in common with physicists generally, finds so extraordinary and downright unparalleled is that, notwithstanding this successful issue of a quasi-prediction, it nevertheless turned out, as he says, (1) that the green fluorescence of the glass of Crookes's tubes has *nothing to do* with the production of Röntgen rays; (2) that the green fluorescence of uranium salts has no connection with their effect on photographic plates, and (3) that those uranium rays which affected the plates are of a radically different nature from the Röntgen rays which duplicate the effect. It was, indeed, a remarkable case, conveying the important lesson, not that prediction or quasi-prediction is not a vitally important factor of physical research, far less that it is unscientific or even anti-scientific, as Professor Pearson contends, but that one or two fulfilments of predictions do not suffice to prove that the hypothesis upon which they are based is so much as a recognizable likeness of the real truth. The experience of Becquerel was, it is true, not so unprecedented as Mr. Strutt represents it to have been. He goes too far in saying that the Röntgen rays, the uranium invisible rays, and the green phosphorescence "have nothing to do with" one another. It can hardly be doubted that there is *some* connection between them, although we cannot say what it is, and although the phenomena are certainly not directly allied. Mr. Strutt can surely have no difficulty in calling to mind many and many a chemical induction, virtually predictive, which went on swimmingly for a long time and then broke down so one-horse-shay-ly that the favorable instances seem to us little more than accidental coincidences. Probably, however, time will show that they were not so utterly fortuitous as they at present seem to have been.

Several of Mr. Strutt's positions in the logic of science are questionable; but whenever he has set forth his reasons they appear very strong and very interesting, even if not fully convincing. Against his mode of attacking the substantiality of matter and his argument in favor of electricity as the only subject of spatial motion, it is impossible to hold out. (We speak of *his argument*, which, however, neither is nor professes to be absolutely demonstrative.) His doctrine of the transmutation of the elements is peculiar in making the course of development to proceed from elements of high atomic weight to elements of lower atomic weight. Moreover, he makes the transmutations run along the horizontal lines of Mendeléeff's table. The brilliant ingenuity exhibited by Curie, Ramsay, Rutherford, etc., in all these researches, and their astounding marvels of manipulative skill, are now an old story, perhaps; but, as narrated in Mr. Strütt's book, they appear more real and more fabulous than ever.

The Tomboy at Work. By Jeannette L. Gilder. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this sequel to her 'Autobiography of a Tomboy,' Miss Gilder makes her heroine tell the tale of her first year's work. Her strenuous career began when, at the age of fifteen, she was engaged by a historian of the civil war to search the records in the Adjutant-General's Office at Trenton. To do this work, she had to take the six o'clock train every morning from Birdlington, but this only lent zest to the employment. At sixteen, "Miss Gilbert" obtained work in the Mint in Philadelphia. There she had to weigh gold, and, when gold was scarce, to make canton flannel bags to hold it when it should begin to come in again. From the Mint she went with her family to Newark, and at first colored photographs for a living. Then came an appointment in an auditor's office, where, as she was quite unable to add figures correctly, the head clerk obligingly did her work as well as his own, declaring himself more than repaid by her whistling of tunes from the Italian opera. Next came a post as proofreader, then another as copyist in the office of the Registrar of Deeds. Finally, at about eighteen, as far as we can calculate, this enterprising young woman, having already discarded five or six different pursuits, settled down as a newspaper writer in Newark.

But hers was not the temperament that enjoys being settled, and she is soon in New York interviewing "the proprietor of the most famous newspaper. . . . The interview was short. 'Well,' said he, regarding me with piercing eyes, 'what do you want to do?' 'I should like book-reviewing, or anything that comes to hand.' 'You can do the books, if you like,' said he, 'but be original; don't give us the same old cut-and-dried stuff. Your salary will be $30 a week—good morning!'" No wonder that "Miss Gilbert" had to restrain an impulse to drop on her knees and kiss his "strong, shapely hand." In order not to be cut-and-dried, on the advice of Miss Kate Field she wrote her reviews in dialogue form: "I had a family take up the books of the day and discuss them, giving

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various opinions; the sons and daughters maintaining a point that was immediately bowled over by the father." This method proved a great success—a fact which seems to show that there was more leisure in those days in which to read one's morning paper, or more interest in current literature. Our heroine rose to be musical and dramatic critic of the same paper. (She withholds its name, with unusual reserve.) As her family still lived in Newark, she used to go home by the midnight train, and proceeded to write plays from one till three. The performance of one of these plays in Philadelphia is one of the most amusing episodes in the book. We leave her "still a journalist, and still in harness, though the harness is light."

Miss Gilder writes in a breezy and unconventional style, suitable to the pace at which her tomboy lived and changed professions. It is not for us to disentangle fact from fiction in this account of the life of an energetic young American. We commend it to the notice of certain English writers, who seem to think that every American woman, unless she is absolutely without social position, leads an idle life at the expense of heart-breaking toil on the part of the American man. Nothing could be more American than the atmosphere and point of view of this book. "Miss Gilbert" is the incarnation of the American spirit. The story of her career is a record of the triumph of the self-confident amateur who can because he thinks he can. The illustrations are in keeping with the work—a trifle undignified, but expressive.

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